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J. R. Thorpe

THE LIBERTY BELL.





CHARLES FOLLEN.

THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

*'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them
that shall be heirs of salvation?'*

THE scorned and trampled Slave before thee lies,
And, as thou readest in his mournful face
How few his friends, how strong his enemies,
Do doubt and terror in thy heart find place?
Dost thou, unmindful of God's strengthening grace,
Promised to those who battle for the Right,
Dishonor Freedom, and the 'Truth debase,
By dreading those whose numbers make their might?
O, faint of heart! be cheerful — call to mind
The crowd of witnesses that round thee bend;
Their ministry was for this hour designed,
That thou might'st labor faithful to the end.
They who may aid thy work on earth no more,
Yet live, thy helpers, on the Eternal shore.

THE
LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

‘It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee.’

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

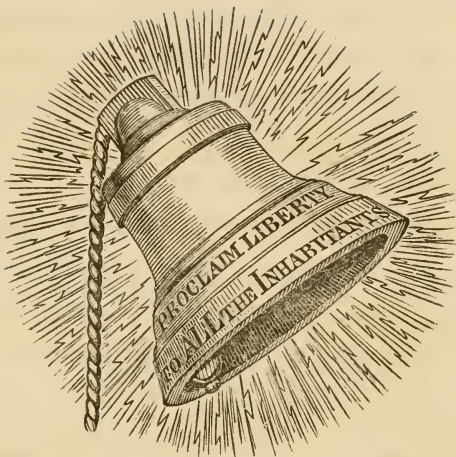
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THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

THE LIBERTY BELL is hung aloft,
On the transatlantic shore ;
And we hear its echoes, oft and oft,
Wafted the waters o'er :
And welcomed shall those echoes be !
Music of Liberty !

Liberty for the white — the few —

From the oppressor's thrall ?

Nay ! but Liberty, — Liberty, too,

For the blacks, — for all !

Slavery shall not stamp her ban

On any men, — or man.

See ! there are flowers of every shade

Over earth's bosom spread ;

All by the same Great Artist made,

By the same bounty fed ;

Brightened by sunshine, freshened by showers,

All those beautiful flowers.

So in the heavens, but differing, far

Differing, in glory and might ;

But glorious every one, star by star

Rolls in the car of night ;

All outpouring, — all, in their turns, —

Light from their golden urns.

Flowers and stars, — in heaven, on earth, —

The feeblest as the first,

The impress bears of a glorious birth,
And is in glory nurst ;
And is led onward gloriously,
Through its varied destiny.

Despised there is none — degraded none ;
Each holds its ordered place ;
But 't is man — usurping man, alone,
Who hath stigmatized his race ;
Who hath giv'n his fellow—O shame ! O shame !
A *slave's* ignoble name !

But, the heavenly elements, which mould,
In man, God's effigy, —
They were never meant to be controlled
To a slave's destiny ;
Nor shall they long ; — for the slave shall be
As the free-born — aye, as free !

Come, then, that bright and benignant time,
When LIBERTY'S blessed BELL,
All earth re-echoing it, shall chime

Slavery's final knell ;
And Slavery's dreary tales be told
As a mythic page of old !

London, 8 Sept. 1842.

SLAVERY AND THE CHURCH

BY HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH.

It was a Sabbath morning. Men, women, and children, had just been crowding through the streets of the city of N., on their way to the temples of *Christian* worship! Every thing was so quiet; the hum of the great populace was so entirely hushed, that my own tread sounded loudly and coldly on my ear, as with saddened step I trod the pavement leading to the home of the slave-catcher. I had business of importance with him, for I sought to free a human being from his hands; but my soul loathed him. He was a poor man, and, if fame said truly, a fit person, from his previously dishonest life, to become that vile *thing*, a Northern slave agent. I can believe that one,

born and educated under Southern influences, may so far belie his own nature, and forget the nature of the slave, as to hold men in bondage, and not think it wrong to do so. Strange it is, however, that, at the present day, even such an anomaly as this should exist. Nevertheless, I can conceive of such. But, that a Northern born man can so lower his own lofty views of human liberty, as to condescend, *for money*, to become the tool of a Southern slaveholder, is to me perfectly incomprehensible. No trade seems to me so mean and contemptible; and all who engage in it, from the lawyer to the agent of the slaver, are fit only to be slaves.

As I entered the gate-way leading to the dwelling, I was met by a stout, full, red-faced man, who greeted me with more cordiality and courtesy than I had anticipated. He invited me to sit down in his little parlor; and while waiting for a private interview, I observed an incident that taught me much in regard to

the present influence of the Church. Doubtless, were we to watch for them, we should find such specimens every day of our lives; for if the Church did not exert a decidedly enslaving influence upon the community, emancipation would have taken place long since. This man had several beautiful children, between the ages of three and sixteen years. Two black-eyed, graceful girls were flitting about the room as I entered; an intelligent lad, of about eight years of age, stood watching me closely; and one fair child was frolicking upon the floor. Her merry laugh and bright eye made my heart leap; for the unconscious child always makes me joyous; but I sighed to think that that pure soul would be stained with slavish thoughts. Suddenly, with a loud cry of pleasure, she ran towards her father, and, putting one hand upon each knee, looked up, laughingly and lovingly, into his face. He caught up the little one, and, lifting her high

above his head, looked with a father's love into her sweet face ; then, quickly dropping his arms, and bringing her down at the same time, covered her neck and face with the warmest kisses. She was evidently the youngest, the pet ; and by the intense expression in the man's face, I saw the token of a father's love. ' Surely, this man must have a heart,' thought I. But, while raising her as I have described, a little golden ornament fell from her hands upon his bosom.

' Ah ! my dear, what have you got ? O, I see now ; it is Emma's gold cross ;' and saying these words, he took from his breast that emblem of self-sacrifice for man, and continued thus : ' Why, where did you get Emma's cross ? She will want it, I think ; she is going to church. Should not you like to go to church ?' and again he pressed the cherub to his heart. I, meanwhile, sat musing. In the few words that had fallen from this traitor to his own

humanity — this pretender to Christian faith — I saw shadowed forth the present influence of the Church. Let no sect lay a flattering unction on its soul and say, ‘This man is a Catholic; but, were he one of us, such an event could not have taken place. Catholicism, of course, produces nothing but evil.’ No—he is a Protestant; and Catholicism and Protestantism are alike faithless to humanity. Men meet for worship, — for *Christian* worship, they say, — Sunday after Sunday, yet are unwilling to pray for the poor bond slave! If this be Christianity, thank Heaven! I have come out from holding converse with it. Men go to church, and, with the aid of priests, *worship*; but to do justly and love mercy, to remember those in bonds as bound with them; these weightier matters of the law are reckoned of no worth. The Southern Church of the present day allows a man to sell his brother into wretched bondage; and the Northern Church

says '*Amen*' by its ominous silence. It cannot even *pray* for the slave ! It is satisfied if men will meet to worship, to support the clergy, and all missionary enterprises. As I looked at that man-catcher caressing his child, who had Christ's cross in her hand, I could not but think that the Church had done him a grievous wrong. He evidently has a loving heart, and doubtless has had some conscience. He goes to church, and sends his children there ; and the Church, in return for his submission to her, quiets his conscience ! It really *teaches* him to disregard the laws of human brotherhood. *It absolutely PREVENTS him from seeing the difference between right and wrong.*

But how different the influences exerted by the mild precepts of Jesus ! For, if they were truly the rule of our lives, we should realize on this earth that fabled republic, which philosophers have sought after, and philanthropists sighed for, since the foundation of the world ;

in which every man would regard all others as equal with himself, before high Heaven, and *no human being would kneel, save to his God.*

Boston, November, 1842.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I do not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn the dying out of noble powers ;
The poet's clearer eye should see in all
Earth's seeming woe the seed of Heaven's
flowers.

Truth needs no champions : in the infinite deep
Of everlasting Soul her life abides ;
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength undying
tides.

Peace is more strong than war ; and gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes conquests o'er
the wave ;

And Love lives on, and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of bloody fields,
And Glory's epitaph is writ in blood ;
But Alexander now to Plato yields,
Clarkson will stand where Wellington hath
stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and
tears, —
One onward step of Truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed ; the tyrants link their
chains ;
The poet sings through narrow dungeon-grates ;
Man's hope lies quenched ; — and lo ! with
steadfast gain,
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets ; faggot, rack, and cross,
Make up the groaning record of the past ;

But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

Therefore I cannot think thee wholly gone ;
The better part of thee is with us still ;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good things ;
What words thou spak'st for Freedom cannot
die ;

Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings
To soar where hence thy Hope could barely fly.

And often from that other world on this
Some gleams from great souls gone before may
shine,

To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the Right with lustre more Divine.

Thou art not idle : in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks ;
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

For sure in Heaven's chambers there is room
For love and pity, and for helpful deeds ;
Else were our summons thither but a doom
To life more vain than this in clayey weeds.

At once thou wanderest from star to star,
Or standest with us 'neath thy church's roof ;
To thee no more is any near or far,
Putting thy new-found wings to gladsome proof.

From off the starry mountain-peak of song
Thy spirit shows me, in the coming time,

An earth unwithered by the foot of wrong, —
A race revering its own soul sublime.

What wars, what martyrdoms, what crimes
 may come,
Thou knowest not nor I; but God will lead
The prodigal soul from want and sorrow home,
And Eden ope her gates for Adam's seed.

Farewell, good man, good angel now ! this hand
Soon, like thine own, shall lose its cunning, too ;
Soon shall this soul, like thine, bewildered
 stand,
Then leap to thread the free, unfathomed blue.

When that day comes, O may this hand grow
 cold,
Busy, like thine, for Freedom and the Right ;
O may this soul, like thine, be ever bold
To face dark Slavery's encroaching blight !

This laurel-leaf I cast upon thy bier ;
Let worthier hands than these thy wreath
 entwine ;
Upon thy grave I shed no useless tear, —
For me weep rather thou in calm divine.

Boston, November, 1842.

A WORD FROM IRELAND.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

I HAVE nothing ready for the Liberty Bell. Nothing. Every week the Standard or the Liberator comes across the wide waters, each of them filled with a dozen better articles than I could write in a life-time;—gems for any Liberty Bell. I don't know how to write 'articles.' I never could write a proper article. I had thoughts of trying to write one, as I was invited to contribute; but, after all manner of self-examination, after beating my brains as a child beats the bushes when seeking for birds' nests, I have given up the notion altogether.

Buckingham, the famous traveller and lecturer and temperance advocate, was here a few weeks since, looking as hearty as before

his three years' travel in America. While there, he avoided all communion with the 'Abolitionists,' and the consequence is what might have been expected. He has returned hopeless of any good from 'Abolitionism,' as such, whether in her primitive attire of moral suasion, or in her modern disguise of Liberty Party. His whole confidence reposes in Brother Jonathan's sense of the value of dollars and cents, and of what he will do when he opens his keen eyes wide to the *worth* of the British experiment of West India Emancipation. He thinks that Joseph John Gurney's 'Winter in the West Indies,' with its cool *argumentum ad pocketem*, will do more to loosen the slaveholder's gripe, than all that the Abolitionists have done and said and suffered since Garrison first unfurled the Liberator. He thinks the Abolitionists use 'harsh language,' and do no good by their 'intemperate proceedings.' Faithful watchmen, they do not whisper while Jona-

than's house is on fire. And it is on fire; the wasting flame of slavery is sapping the foundations of the great Republic. May their lungs hold out until Brother Jonathan is thoroughly awakened to his guilt and his danger.

There is a large class of delicate, sensitive people, who don't like to call bad things by their right names. If this using of hard words be so very wrong, why do hard *actions* pass unreprieved? You may imprison a man if he robs you, but pray don't *call* him a thief. Let it be thought perfectly right, and lawful, and Christian, to hang the man who shoots your neighbor, but on no account *call* him a murderer. War is wrong, to be sure, but don't *say* so. This squeamishness about words covers an enormous amount of indifference and hypocrisy.

I mention Buckingham 'in this connexion,' as Remond used to say, because I wanted to tell you how he looked, as an Abolitionist, after

his long sojourn in the land of stripes and stars. His great celebrity, his vast ability, and the zeal and energy which he has shown in the prosecution of many philanthropic and popular objects, naturally excite no common interest. Perhaps no better example could be found than in his case, of the influence of a long stay in the United States, amongst that portion of the pious, the benevolent, the just, the lovers of equal rights, and the patriots, lovers of their country, with whom

‘ Hope retires, and terror and dismay

Wave their black ensigns,’

at the bare idea of immediate and universal emancipation to one-sixth of your population.

While here, he related a circumstance, which interested me exceedingly. There is a Moorish merchant living in London, who has made his fortune, retired from business, and selected England as the place of his rest; a strange fancy for a follower of ‘old Mahmoud’ and a

‘child of the sun.’ His name is Sidi *something* — no matter. He was in Ireland lately, on a visit to a nobleman in the neighborhood of Kilkenny. While there, he astonished the natives by addressing them in their own pure Irish — a dialect of the ancient Celtic — a language as different from English, as Stephen Foster is from a popular Doctor of Divinity. This aboriginal lingo is still spoken by a large portion of our eight millions of fierce democracy, in the more primitive districts of the island. Our Moor assured the natives aforesaid, (when he had astonished them as aforesaid,) that he was neither Irish in blood nor in faith, but a Mahometan and a Moor, and that he had learned their language in the mountains of Atlas, while trading with the descendants of the old Carthagenians, who were driven to the hills by the Vandals and Visigoths, when they ravaged the Roman provinces of Africa. In confirmation of this strange revelation, I have

since heard some of the sages of the Royal Irish Academy tell of Moors talking Irish, which they had learned, not in Connaught or Munster, but in the recesses of Atlas, amidst lions and orange-groves. What a subject is here for an article! — enough to set a college of archæologists and antiquarians ‘all agog’ with the ardor of investigation. If the wild Irish of Philadelphia had but known, before the riots, how many cousins they have in Africa, perhaps they would not have behaved so brutally the other day. Yet I don’t so much wonder at Paddy. Tyranny begets tyrants. Six hundred years of oppression, ignorance and superstition, *could* produce no genuine and consistent love of freedom. Had not the Greeks their helots, the Romans their slaves, the Poles their serfs? Have not you your ‘peculiar institutions’? And why should not we, when we fly from injustice at home, be permitted to taste some of the luxury of power

abroad? And do not your *gintlemen* patronize our ferocity? If we were better aware of our brotherhood to the whole human race — if some benevolent antiquary would draw up a huge family tree, for all the sons of Adam, so that we could all see it, don't you think we should have more of the feeling of relations for each other?

Dublin, October, 1842.

S O N N E T S .

WORLD-HARMONIES.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I.

O GOD ! what heavenly harmony once ran
Through all thine empire in its primal day,
When the young Stars went choiring on their
way,
And radiant Angels their new song began,
Harping in concert with unfallen man ;
One universal song went up for aye,
And infinite worlds, through all their bright
array,
Gave not a note to mar the general plan :
Wo that man's sin should check th' eternal flow

Of Nature's melody, and rudely break
Earth's concord with the lyres of Heaven;
wo! wo!

That the high Soul, for sordid Mammon's
sake,
Should fashion fetters for its brother Soul,
Binding the thoughts, which mount where the
star-anthems roll.

II.

How harsh, how hateful, on undeaftened ears
Rings the loud cry of Tyranny and Wrong,
Drowning the sweetness of the one great
song,
Whose music thrills through all the chiming
spheres;
How sad the harp whose wires corrode with
tears;
How wild the dying tone it pours along,
As its strained chords, once musical and
strong,

Snap one by one, wasted through many years ;
So sad — so wild — the withered, broken heart,
 Spoiled by Oppression, gives its dying tones,
Long unremembering its serener part

 In the glad chorus of the choiring zones :
O, shall our world return and sing no more,
With worlds which never sinned, the hymns
 they sung before ?

III.

Shall Wrong forever peal its dissonant cry,
 And pining Sorrow load the wind with
 moans ?

 Shall suffering hearts provoke the very stones
To thunder out against man's tyranny,
Or the harsh jeers of scorn and obloquy
 Pour endless discord 'mid the gladder tones
Of the world-choir, till God himself disowns
The earth he made ? Spirits of love ! reply.
No ! Heaven forbid. Earth hath some souls
 in store,

Who choir with God, good Angels, and the
Spheres ;
Our world shall join the mystic band once more,
And chime harmonious through th' eternal
years ;
Man's soul shall triumph o'er its evil fate,
And Love, divine and pure, his heart shall
renovate.

IV.

Sing on, bright Cherubs of th' Eternal Choir !
Worlds beyond this, where wrong was never
known,
Still chant in concert round the great white
throne.
Hymn loud, ye Souls endued with heavenly
fire ;
Strike for high Truth the bold, majestic lyre ;
So shall your kindred spirits, one by one,
Catch and re-wake the long-forgotten tone,

And with like truth the brother soul inspire.
Then shall the world to sinless peace return,
And ancient glory crown the fields thereof;
No more man's soul with wasting passion burn,
For wrong shall all be swallowed up in Love;
While myriad Seraphim, with harps re-strung,
And all the Stars, shall sing as when the world
was young.

Plainfield, Conn.,
Oct. 22, 1842.

P E R S E V E R E .

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE dungeon in Joux Castle, in the Jura, which was the living grave of Toussaint L'Ouverture, was not closed with the tragedy of his life. The next occupant was the Marquis (afterwards Duc) de Rivière, first French Ambassador to Constantinople. He liked, in the days of his freedom and greatness, to speak of his dungeon, of the years he spent there, and of the extraordinary mode by which his release was procured. I derive the story from the wife of his Secretary, who declares the facts to be as follows.

In the midst of a happy and reciprocated attachment to the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Ferté, the Marquis was arrested, by Napo-

leon's order, and by his order thrown into the dungeon vacated by the death of Toussaint, — no cause being alleged, from first to last. It appears that he was forgotten, for many weary months : but at last, Mademoiselle de la Ferté's applications became annoying to the Emperor, renewed as they were in every imaginable form, and on every possible occasion. She received an intimation that the prisoner would be the worse for any further interest shown by her. In her despair, the tender-hearted Josephine assisted her. An exact model of the dungeon, on a small scale, being made, it was placed, by Josephine's own hands, on the bureau of the Emperor.

‘ Ah ! fi, donc ! ’ said Napoleon, uneasily, when he saw it, ‘ Ah ! fi, donc ! quel est ce lieu abominable ? ’

Josephine answered, coolly, that it was one of his Majesty's state-prisons.

‘ Impossible ! ’ cried the Emperor. ‘ No man

could live four and twenty hours in such a den.'

'The Marquis de Rivière has lived there three years, however,' replied Josephine:— 'three of the last years of his life has he languished there,—it is said by your Majesty's commands.'

'Otez-moi ça!' cried the Emperor, tartly. 'Cette vue me fait frémir.'

Josephine took away the model. Was there a remorseful thought of Toussaint amidst the shudder of which the tyrant complained? Did it warn him not to be guilty of another murder by the same means,—by the agency of cold, damp, and sickness of the heart? However this may be, the Marquis was soon after released, and, hastening to Germany, was there met by Mademoiselle de la Ferté, and married to her.

There is a world of encouragement in those involuntary words, 'cette vue me fait frémir.'

If to our bodily eyes could be presented evidences of the suffering caused by every act of selfish will, — if, in the careless moods of our minds, we could be surprised into a clear view of what we have inflicted by even the very slightest breach of the golden rule, — the sight might make the best of us shudder. To do this, — to exhibit to the conscience of the oppressor the injuries of the oppressed, — is *your* work, friends of the slave! Persevere! Never relax! Heed not the testy command, ‘Otez-moi ça!’ Withdraw the picture only to present it again, assured that in the retirement of the chamber, in the silence of solitude, the disturbed conscience must, sooner or later, make the avowal, ‘cette vue me fait frémir;’ and the victims will ere long be let go.

TO THE MARTYRS FOR FREEDOM.

(*A Free Translation from the German of T. G. Salis.*)

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

STILL trust, all ye who are oppressed !

Though Hope no ray of light may shed,
Garlands of sacrifice aye rest

On dying Virtue's martyr head :
Though Glory's tinsel crown may be

Awhile the lucky villain's prize,
Yet, springing from your graves, we see
The amaranth-wreath that never dies.

Ye who in evil times were born !

Ye who have dared to strive with power !
Ye shall be heralds of the dawn,
But ye must know the darkest hour.

Ye who your lives have nobly spent,
From sin and woe your race to save,
The ruin you could not prevent
Shall shed a glory round your grave.

Then do we feel Fate's iron might,
When the blasphemous plot succeeds ;
When on pure honor, simple right,
The brood of human vipers feeds :
O, still serenely trust — e'en then,
Though reptiles hiss, foul vapors rise ;
The light that rises from the fen
Deceitful shines, and quickly dies.

In the cloud-tent of distant skies,
Truth calmly waits, with balance true,
Casts off traditionary lies,
And gives to Justice homage due.
Reason proclaims eternal laws ;
Mad mobs and tyrants, in their hour —

Aye, for whole ages, hurt her cause,
But never can destroy her power.

When for the rights of man you fight,
And all seems lost, and friends have fled,
Remember, in misfortune's night,
New glories rest on Virtue's head :
Duty remains, though joy is gone ;
On final good then fix thine eyes ;
Disdain all fear, and though alone,
Stand ready for the sacrifice.

Though every bark of promise sink,
And Hope's last broken fragments fall,
And you that mystic cup must drink,
Which cures all pain, which comes to all ;
Yet Justice, banished, hated, slain,
Is with you in the holy strife —
Says to your soul, ' We meet again,'
And promises eternal life.

Freed from its dust, from that great hour
Your spirit, on the noble band,
Acts with a new, immortal power,
Inspires each heart, and nerves each hand.
For Time and Truth, then, calmly wait,
Ye who for human rights contend;
Oppression has a transient date,
Eternal Justice has no end.

L E T T E R.

CASTLE HOWARD, October 28, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAPMAN:

YOUR note has followed me across the Atlantic, reminding me that when you once asked me, 'for the cause's sake,' to write a page or two for your annual publication of 'The Liberty Bell,' I promised that 'I would think of it.' I now write to tell you that I have thought of it, and the result of my ripe reflection is a conviction, that, 'for the cause's sake,' it would be better for me to decline the honor of being one of your contributors.

I say emphatically, 'for the cause's sake.' Since I had the pleasure of meeting you, all my personal observation of slavery has been

made, and it has been spread over a large surface. I have been present at debates on the subject in Congress; I have witnessed the working and effects of the institution in the South and South-west of your Republic, and in the Island of Cuba; I have conversed with its friends, its enemies, and with neutrals, for such there are; I have met, among planters and their families, with persons not only of most agreeable and refined intercourse, but of high honor, of real humanity, of deep and unaffected piety. Yet, so far from my view of the system having become modified, I should not feel myself precluded by any sentiments of delicacy, or even of gratitude towards them, from giving the fullest and most public vent to my opinions or my feelings, if I could think that 'the cause' would thence derive the slightest benefit. The same grounds would induce me to concur in any use to which it might please you to put what I now address

to you, even with the purpose of proving that I should be out of place among the regular ringers of the Liberty Bell.

Not, most assuredly, is it from want of sympathy that I should abstain from being enrolled in that good fellowship. While slavery does not strip all its advocates and agents of many high qualities and exalted virtues, so will not a zeal for the abolition of slavery ensure an exemption from faults and inconsistencies, errors in judgement, and blunders in conduct. But I have learned to look upon you, and those with whom you are associated, formally or virtually throughout the wide Union, with a respect and interest scarcely to be inspired for any other 'cause's sake' on the globe. Upon the soil of your own continent, abounding and abiding indeed are the stores of pleasant and instructive retrospect which I have garnered up for myself, from delightful acquaintance-ship; from a face of Nature, rich, various, in

some at least of its features unparalleled ; from subjects and undertakings, which, in their development or progress, must powerfully interest every one who is alive to the advancing destinies of his species. Among these, the purpose which has banded you together appears to me to assume the place of the highest dignity, it may be of the greatest difficulty. I know not, in these latter days, of any other enterprise which combines so much of the spirit of lofty chivalry with so much of the sobriety of genuine piety ; which relies so closely on the logic of the most statistical calculations, and appeals so largely to the impulses of the most fervent humanity ; which looks for such fruits on earth, and has such root in heaven.

From a contact like this, why can I even seem to shrink ? It is plain that the conduct of all well-wishers to the cause ought to be resolved to one simple issue — the good of the

cause itself. Now I am inclined to believe that the admitted difficulties by which it is beset, would only be aggravated by the intervention of foreign co-operation; sufficient jealousy is on the alert among the tobacco, rice, cotton and sugar growing States, against the proceedings of Massachusetts and Ohio; I see no occasion for having it whetted anew against the grasping and perfidious Albion, who, reeling, as we are often told, from the effect produced by her Act of Emancipation upon her own doomed dependencies, now unceasingly strives to level all the balmy domains of slavery in one common ruin. Desperate as may be the obtuseness of conscience which I thus evince, I must plainly state, that if there is a topic on which I can bear with the most unmoved equanimity any amount of reprobation, whether lavished from the Tribune at Paris or from the floor of the Capitol, it is on the motives which inspired the part taken by my

country in the emancipation of her slave population. Within all the corners of her territory, upon the free billows of the common ocean, I should be the last to bid her shrink from any right or effort which her municipal law, or the legitimate claim of general humanity may exact or counsel. But, inside the precincts of your own Republic, amid the complicated relations of your several States, beneath the obligations of their federal Constitution, it would appear to me that all foreign interference whatsoever, probably at the best ill adapted and ill instructed to meet the special niceties of the question, would only tend to irritate the elements of strife, give a fresh point to the aims of prejudice, and clothe the insinuations of self-interest with the dignified garb of wounded national honor. I am conscious that I may seem to you to magnify any possible effect that might proceed from some probably very pointless scrap of composition ; but, in all

these matters, it should be more a question of principle than of degree. I have seen before now, that the susceptibility of nations can stoop very low, as well as soar very high. If a foreign chime should be detected in the peal of the Liberty Bell, I know not what startling echoes it might not awaken in the deepest recesses of Accomac. There is a line which we happen to have often heard quoted among ourselves :

— ‘ know ye not

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ? ’

Now, strong as my opinion would be upon the supposition of a possible permanence of the present system, I should think him a bold man, who could contemplate without shuddering the issue of a negro insurrection. The true application of the line in your case is this :

Who would *make* free, themselves must strike the blow.

And, moreover, if the peculiar difficulties of the struggle seem to point exclusively to Amer-

ican efforts for their solution, so for American brows ought to be reserved the undivided laurel of the triumph. Though I may have chanced to use the metaphors of war, yet it is plain, from the nature of the contest, from the relative number of the partisans, from the temper of the weapons employed, that if victory is to crown your exertions, it must be as was the case in our own analogous, though less arduous achievement, a victory of argument, of reason, of patience, of conscience, of religion. Though I have forbid to myself the meanest place in your ranks, I shall remain no indifferent or unimpassioned spectator of the continuing conflict. The more obvious marks of public attention, on either side of the sea, may be diverted to other fields of action; you will dispute about Presidents, and we shall wrangle over Tariffs. I am not underrating the importance which attaches to such considerations; but, after having trod the confines of slavery,

after having traced our dark-colored brethren in every condition, from the boy with the crescent mark of native royalty on his brow, just sold into eternal servitude upon the shore of Cuba, to the erect and disciplined recruit, who firmly treads the soil of Canada, I feel that henceforth the main portion of my interest, hopes and aspirations, as to the course of public events in the world around me, must be directed to the onward march of human Freedom. In that imposing cause, the friends of the slave in the United States of North America appear to me to hold the most forward and critical position. May all your armoury be worthy of the service in which it must be wielded—the gentleness that subdues, the discretion that guides without keeping back, the zeal that never cools, but never inflames. To say all, may you do the work of Heaven with the spirit of Heaven, accompanied by the sympathies, the hopes and the prayers of the Christian

people of all nations, but relying alone on the Everlasting Arms beneath you, and your own good use of the means entrusted to your disposal.

Believe me,

My dear Mrs. Chapman,

With the most sincere esteem

And good wishes,

Your most faithful servant,

MORPETH.

I M P R O M P T U .

TO VISCOUNT MORPETH.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

PAUSED the 'Blanche Lion' when he reached
the border,

Though scoffing wardens fiercely gave him
warning?

Sternly he nerved him at the insulting order,
The deadly brunt of feudal warfare scorning.
And now, when broader, holier fields before him
Stretch far into the depths of coming ages,
Summoning forth the blood that watches o'er
him,

Where moral strife the immortal soul en-
gages,
Shall names and nations keep that banner
furled?

Thy foray guiltless — be thy field the world!

A F R A G M E N T .

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

* * * THE Chartist is fated, as Milton once described himself, 'through the chance of good and evil report, to be the sole advocate of discountenanced truth.'

'Few companions shalt thou have,' writes Petrarch to Colonna, 'in thy better way: so much the more do I pray thy gentle spirit not to leave off this magnanimous undertaking.'

In assigning him his place among the actors of our age, let us take into account the 'misfortune' he suffers, according to our own John Cotton, 'of being born before his day.' It is often wise to question the world's judgment of men and things. Current coin has always more or less alloy, and in politics, at least, the

idols of the day too often prove madmen or knaves. The martyrs and heretics of one age are sure to be the saints of the succeeding, and to the graves of those whom the fathers treated no better than with exile and the faggot, their sons are proud to go in pilgrimage.

Within the walls of Santa Croce, Dante's empty mausoleum reminds us that four hundred years ago, Florence thrust him in scorn from her walls. The persecuted exile tells his story to the world. Embalmed in the shrine of his genius, it floats, longwhile unheeded, 'down the tide of time' — and at last, the very children of his enemies cry shame on their fathers' memory — take sides against their country, and, in all humility, or in the pride of their penitence, pile this monument to one, whose steps their ancestors followed with confiscation and the sword. Repentant Florence sues, with all the eloquence of Angelo and her Medici, for the priceless legacy of his bones.

History, Sculpture, Eloquence, and Poetry, beg of their countrymen the rich reward of being his eulogists.

Puritan! how the wits of Charles II. rinsed their mouths with rich wine after uttering the disgusting name! little thinking that Liberty would soon crown the despised party as her noblest apostles. To 'crop-eared knaves' of 1649, Governments now are proud to trace their pedigree. When has Genius mounted higher, 'in her singing robes,' than when she ministered at the altar of their memories! The wits, like the flies in amber, owe being remembered to the folly of having mistaken these giants for dwarfs. * * * *

TO HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, M. P. FOR PONTEFRACHT.

Mortal! that standest on a point of time,
With an eternity on either hand,
Thou hast one duty, above all sublime :
Where thou art placed, serenely there to
stand.

To stand undaunted by the threatening death,
Or harder circumstance of living doom,
Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
Of hope that issues even from the tomb.

For hope will never dull the present pain,
Nor fear will ever keep thee safe from fall,
Unless thou hast in thee a mind to reign
Over thyself—as God is over all.

'Tis well in deeds of good, though small, to
thrive ;
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to
cure ;
'Tis well with onward, upward hope, to strive ;
Yet better and diviner, to endure.

What but this virtue's solitary power,
Through all the lusts and dreams of Greece
and Rome,
Bore the selected spirits of the hour
Safe to a distant, immaterial home ?

But in that patience was the seed of scorn,
Scorn of the world, and brotherhood of man ;
Not patience, such as in the manger born,
Up to the cross endured its earthly span.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while ;
Above, yet never separate from thy kind ;
Meet every frailty with a tender smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.

This is the riddle, thou hast life to solve ;
And in the task thou shalt not work alone :
For, while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with his own.

A DAY IN KENTUCKY.

BY WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

A tap with a riding whip on the door roused me from my book, and, opening it, I saw before me an elderly man of some sixty years, tall in stature, erect as an Indian, with a cheek where the brown and red were blended in perfect health, and whose long white hair floated over his shoulders.

‘Allow me,’ said he, with an air of sweeping and graceful courtesy, ‘to announce myself as Judge Kemp. I heard from my friend S. that you were here; and propose to you to take a ride to my farm. The morning is glorious; the horses at the door; the road good; my boy will bring your portmanteau; the ladies will be glad

to see you; my sons are noble fellows; I promise you a pleasant time; and will take no refusal.' And, shaking me by the hand, with a warm, yet dignified welcome, he seated himself till I should be ready.

The morning was glorious, as he said; bright and soft as October everywhere is, in the Western valley. A blue haze hung round the horizon; the woods were glowing with golden and crimson; on shady slopes the frost still glittered on the grass; the birds, with chirping notes of song and twinkling wings, flew in and out of the bushes; the lizard and the adder were sunning themselves; and the squirrel overhead rustled the leaves as he sprang on the cracking boughs; the smoke curled steadily up from the brush-fires; long silvery lines of gossamer floated on the air; and the tilting leaves twirled circling down upon our path. The air and scene unloosed our tongues and hearts; and, as we passed along, with the

swinging trot of the Kentucky horses, we talked with the openness of old friends.

Slavery, of course, was one of the topics; and I found on this occasion, as I invariably have, that a Southern man could unhesitatingly say a hundred things of the evils of this relation, which many a Northern man would blush and stammer over, and apologize for, and explain about. Amongst other things, the Judge said: 'Young B. of Boston, was here some while ago, and sought to ingratiate himself with me, by speaking of slavery as favorable to free-mindedness in the masters. Shame on such sycophants!' cried he, rising in his stirrups as he spoke, and dashing with his whip a burr from a chestnut tree, beneath which we were passing, as if in uncontrollable impatience. 'Shame on the sycophants! when we are sick at heart with this social cancer, to force their nauseous flattery down our throats, as you would give opium to a dying man. If he had

not been my guest, I would have horse-whipped him for a mean spirited fool, as he was.'

I shall not soon forget that day ; — the quiet luxury and yet simplicity of the style of living ; the frank courtesy, the confident, self-respecting and respectful, bold and gay air of the men ; the somewhat haughty, yet gentle and easy manner of the women ; above all, the overflowing affectionateness to each other, and the hospitality, without a reserve or an effort, to me, a stranger. But, on this point, I cannot dwell ; — I wish to relate what was told me in the afternoon, by one of the daughters, as we walked over the estate.

'It all looks bright, and peaceful, and happy, does it not ?' said she, as standing on a little knoll under a group of hickory trees, she pointed over the wide fields to the family mansion and the cluster of slave huts, at whose doors the children, in swarms, were playing, with the noisy glee of the African. 'But,'

she continued, after a gloomy pause, ‘to us, who know what slavery is, this peace is the green corruption of a stagnant pool — the peace of death. Oh! worse, far worse! It is the yawning grave of humanity. Do you see that spreading beech yonder, just on the edge of the hemp-field, where the ditch runs? It was there that my brother Frank received the blow on the forehead, of which you observed, perhaps, the scar. I will tell you about it. It was his duty at that time to keep the nightly watch. For you know,’ she said, turning to me with a smile of bitter irony, ‘that we have to be *guardians* to these poor friends, who love us so as never to leave us. Well, Frank kept the nightly watch. Armed to the teeth, with a dark lantern, he passed once or twice, or oftener, round the plantation. One stormy night, some two years since, he had reached that spot, when suddenly he heard a crackling sound through the hemp stalks. He

cloaked his lantern, drew a pistol, and stepped behind the tree. In a moment, a man, with stealthy tread, approached the ditch, which is the boundary of the farm on that side. Frank flashes the light upon him. It was his own favorite slave, Ned;—of the same age with himself—almost a foster brother, for his mother was Frank's nurse; his fellow Rambler in the woods, his play-fellow through early years. Hunting, fishing, swimming, nutting, taming horses, every sport had been shared by them. Frank loved that man, and Ned, I believe in my heart, loved him. He was high-spirited and manly, though a negro; strong, bold, and somewhat passionate; and, as we found out afterwards, had been struck that day by the overseer. It was a dreadful meeting. 'Ned,' said my brother, 'turn back! I cannot in honor let you go. I am my father's watchman. You pass that ditch only over my body. Come! turn back. You know I am your

friend. We all are your friends.' 'Master Frank,' answered the noble fellow — for he was so, though he almost killed my brother — 'Master Frank! God knows I would die for you, but I forewarn you I will not be taken. That wretch shall never lay his hand on me again. Let me pass, I beseech you! let me pass.' Frank stood firm. Again Ned besought him in vain. He then turned to leap aside. Frank cried, 'Beware! I shall fire;' and quick as thought, Ned struck him a stunning blow. He fell utterly insensible. And what did that man do! Did he leap the ditch and fly? No! he took my bleeding brother on his shoulders; he carried him to the nearest slave-hut; roused the inmates; set him erect by the door; and then, and not till then, made his escape. Time enough elapsed before Frank could come to himself, and be carried to the house, and my father waked, for Ned to get clear off; the darkness, too, and the storm favored him. He

was gone. And I do believe we were all glad. Frank never blamed him. How could he? In the same case, would he not have done the same? Well, two months passed away, when, early one morning, the overseer found Ned asleep under some bushes, and brought him to the house. I will tell you where he had been afterwards; but see the cunning of the creature; a cunning and deceit that we sow in all slaves, and therefore ought to reap. He knelt to my father, and said, ‘Pardon, master! Pardon! I have tried free bread, and it is not good. No friends for the poor slave among the mean white folks, over the river, and so I have come back to you, master.’ My father did not have him punished, but ordered him to be bound with ropes and left in an empty room. The day passed, — two or three days, indeed, — and Ned was still bound. Meanwhile, the overseer threatened him with *being sent down the river*. You know what that means, don’t

you? It means, sent to sweat and starve, and die by inches, in the sugar-fields of Louisiana. Ned caught the alarm. By connivance of some one, he got a knife; and, when all was still, cut his ropes, and cautiously made his way out of the house. It was a stormy night — his tracks were plain; but he could not help it. He ran to the neighboring plantation yonder, where his wife lived, and gave his peculiar whistle under her window. She was awake, and heard him. Poor soul! I dare say she had hardly slept, from anxiety, for the two months after he ran away. She raised the window. ‘Jump down!’ whispered Ned. ‘Jump down, just as you are. Wait not a second.’ She jumped; and, catching her in his arms, they escaped together.

‘Next morning, pursuit was made from both plantations; not that my father wished Ned to be taken, but our neighbor was not willing to lose the woman, who was a house servant, and

very valuable. The pursuers, however, were deceived by the tracks, which were half buried up, and chilled and blinded by the storm, which was uncommonly severe for this part of the world; and at night gave up the hunt. We heard no more of them till last summer, when travelling through Canada, whom should we find, as servant at a hotel in Prescott, but this rascal Ned. At first, he was shy and grave, and affected perfect ignorance. But it was always a saying of my father's, 'If a nigger has sense enough to run off, and get safely out of the States, he must be a smart fellow, and has sense enough, too, to take care of himself, and he shall be free and welcome;' and Ned soon saw that we were his friends, and told us his adventures. It seems, that when he first escaped, he made his way good to Canada; but, no sooner did he feel himself safe, than the thought of his wife in slavery so overcame him, that he instantly resolved to

return, at all risks, and free her too. Night and day, he travelled back, till he reached our plantation, when, utterly overcome with fatigue and hunger, he fell asleep and was taken. Then, as I have told you, he ‘played possum,’ as the negroes say, till he caught the hint of being sent away, when he again escaped. And now see how a kind Providence aided those poor creatures. Would you believe it? The men, who pursued them, came to the very barn, into which they had crept for concealment when the day broke; they trod, over and over again, upon their bodies, which were covered by the heaps of straw and hay; they cursed and swore, and consulted together, and vowed to take them at the very ears of their victims; and yet they were kept safe. As soon as it was night, they set off again through the snow, and hid themselves a second day in a wood, half frozen and famished. The third night they reached the Ohio, by good fortune

found a boat, paddled themselves over, and were safe. Friends forwarded them to Canada; and, when we saw them, they were as happy as people could be, with every prospect of success. And now,' said the beautiful girl, drawing herself up to her full height and folding her arms, 'I know not what you may think, for some of you Northerners seem to me, with all deference, to have the spirit of slaves yourselves; but, Kentuckian as I am, and on this slave soil, I dare to say it, Ned is a hero—a hero, whom, if he had lived in the good old days of Greece, would have had his deeds immortalized in the strains of some Homer.'

The conversation of this spirited woman gave rise to some thoughts, which I will briefly state, for the benefit of those dull folks, who are too lazy to crack a nut and pick out the kernel.

1. *All* slaveholders are not insensible to the great outrages daily committed by slavery

upon justice and affection, nor indifferent to the welfare of those whom they know to be brethren. There are pure-hearted men and women at the South, deserving our respect, our sympathy, counsel, aid, and prayers.

2. If a Northern man relishes contempt and insult, he can find it, in any quantity and intensity, by professing to be an admirer of their ‘peculiar domestic institutions’ at the South. Southerners rarely believe such professions, and are apt to think him who makes them a hypocrite, or, if they suppose him sincere, to despise him for a mean-spirited, stupid booby.

3. If, even under slavery, the African race exhibits such heroic and lovely traits, would they not be noble men, if bound to their white fellow-freemen by the triple bond of gratitude, and mutual confidence, and generous emulation?

S O N N E T.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

BE of good cheer, ye firm and dauntless few,
Whose struggle is to work an unloved good !
Ye shall be taunted by revilings rude,
Ye shall be scorned for that which ye pursue :
Yet faint not — but be ever strict and true ;
Greatness must learn to be misunderstood,
And persecution is their bitter food,
Who the great promptings of the spirit do :
Though no one seem to hear, yet every word
That thou hast linked unto an earnest thought,
Hath fiery wings, and shall be clearly heard,
When thy frail lips to silent dust are brought.
God's guidance keeps those noble thoughts
that chime
With the great harmony beyond all Time !

S O N N E T.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

SLAVERY is wrong, most deeply, foully wrong :
Yet shame to those who madly plead its cause,
Trampling on duties, charities and laws !
Do they not know that Truth alone is strong ?
That temperance doth at her side belong,
And lofty Justice ? that this world's applause,
And this world's blame, but mark, like idle
 straws,
Which way the popular current sets along ?
Truth hath stepped down from off her lofty seat,
And her white robes of Justice are defiled,
When she in angry factions sets her feet,
And fires the pyre that Bigotry has piled.
Still let her words be calm, her action high ;
Thus will she surely stab the heart of Slavery.

S O N N E T.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

FREEDOM! august and spirit-cheering name!
When will thy blessed light encircle all?
How long in Slavery shall the wretched thrall
Pine in an ignorance begot of shame?
How long in grovelling sense, debased and tame,
Shall man's aspiring spirit cringe and crawl,
And, with crushed hopes, hug round that moral
 pall,
Where life is reft of will and noble aim?
Such questions ask I of the swelling sea;
Such of the roaring winds, and boundless sky;
And, like a trumpet-blast, I hear their cry,
'He who is true unto himself is free!
When to the Truth man's spirit shall be wed,
Freedom shall be his law, and Peace his bed.'

TWO NIGHTS IN ST. DOMINGO.

'AN OVER TRUE TALE.'

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

It was a gay night at the Habitation du Plessis, that of the 22d of August, 1791. The evening breeze, fresh from the cool fields of the ocean, had breathed a new elasticity into hearts that had been all day fainting beneath the vertical sun of a tropical midsummer. The first rustle of its wings, as it stirred the trees that embosomed the mansion, had summoned the scattered guests from their various inventions for speeding the weary day, and assembled them in the great hall that occupied the whole depth and height of the central building. The lofty doors were flung open, and

the tall windows, on either side of them, expanded their slender valves, from the floor to the ceiling, to welcome the healing gale. The small party, consisting of some half dozen, besides the master and mistress of the house, were dispersed over the spacious apartment, in various attitudes and different employments. A card table engrossed the souls of the elder and more sedate division of the company. A younger group was clustered around the harp of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Mirecourt, the sole heiress of this noble estate and its thousand slaves. And when her song had ceased, the gay Abbé de Valnais showed, by the brilliancy of his sallies, and the piquancy of his *bon mots*, that he had left neither his wit nor his good spirits behind him at Paris, when he fled from it with the first emigration. While the hall rung with the gay voices and merry laughter of this mercurial circle, Mr. Vincent, a young American, newly arrived in the

island, and but that day at the Habitation, stood by himself beneath the broad verandah, and looked out upon a scene of such beauty as he had never before gazed upon. Beneath him lay the Plain of the Cape, sleeping in the mellow light of a moon that might well put to shame most of the sins of his colder skies, skirted by shadowy mountains, standing around it like guardian giants, and terminated in the far distance by the ocean, that gleamed in the moonlight like a sea of molten silver. All around him was a wilderness of trees and shrubs, new to his Northern eye; the multitudinous sounds of a tropical night fell strangely, but not unharmoniously, on his ear; while the air that played about his temples came loaded with perfumes, such as might have breathed from 'the spicy shores of Araby the blest.' He turned his eyes to the scene within, and it was scarcely less a scene of enchantment to one who had sprung up to early

manhood on the rocky shores of New-England. The lofty and beautifully proportioned hall, filled with all the appliances and means of tropical luxury, — somewhat too massive and gorgeous in its furniture, perhaps, to please a severe eye, and better suited to the meridian of Paris than of St. Domingo, but all splendid, with gilding and carved work, in the rich, though somewhat questionable taste of the later days of the French monarchy, — seemed as if it might be the palace of Armida rising in the midst of her enchanted gardens. Out of the hall opened a noble library, rich with the spoils of all past time. Next to it, the billiard-room invited the lovers of such pastime. On the opposite sides, the saloons, or, as they would now be called, the drawing-rooms, their walls glittering with gilding and flashing with mirrors, and furnished as only French upholsterers then knew how, seemed as if some magician had transported the saloons of Paris

many a league across the ocean, from the banks of the Seine to this distant isle. Adjoining them was the dining-room, furnished with equal richness, though in a more quiet style, the splendid sideboard groaning beneath the ancestral plate of many a generation, and its walls hung with choice cabinet pictures, chiefly of festive and joyous scenes, suggestive of wine and mirth. But, at this torrid season, the hall, from its greater height and airiness, was the chosen scene of the re-unions of the household. As the young American turned from the scene of beauty without to that of splendor within, he thought only of the happiness which must be the attendant of such boundless wealth; his mind dwelt as little at that moment on the misery and wrong upon which all this splendor was upreared, and on the ruin which the upheaving of those foundations was about to work, as it did upon the volcanic fires that lay beneath the exhaustless

soil and superb vegetation that surrounded him, and which might, in a moment, make the whole paradise a waste.

And the Marquis de Mirecourt himself, as he laid down his cards and joined the rest of the party, when supper was announced, for a moment forgot, as he gave himself up to the enchantment of the scene, that he was an exile from that Paris he so dearly loved. Though surrounded with every luxury that the most unbounded wealth could furnish, in the most delicious of climates, and in the midst of the divinest of scenery, he still sighed in secret for the narrow streets, formal gardens, and crowded saloons of the metropolis of senses. He had left France amid the very first mutterings of the Revolutionary storm, and, leaving his paternal chateau in Dauphiné to the mercy of his white slaves, whose hour had at last come, he betook himself to the estate in St. Domingo, which he had received by marriage with a

young creole heiress, whom he espoused from the convent, whither she had been sent for her education. On this night, however, his heart was glad within him; for he was surrounded by kindred spirits, men of high birth, of aristocratic habits, of refined tastes — such as had been the companions of his happier days. The supper-table was laid in the centre of the hall. In all its appointments, it would have done no discredit to the most historical of the houses of the age of *petits soupers*. Candela-bras of massive silver poured down a flood of light upon the repast, tall shades of the clearest crystal guarding the wax candles from the welcome gale. The most exquisite of French dishes, (for M. de Mirecourt had not been so improvident as to leave his *chef de cuisine* behind him) served upon solid plate, gave place, at their due time, to the most delicious of the tropical fruits, glowing in the beautiful porcelain of Sévres — a gift of Roy-

alty, when Royalty was something more than a name. The richest and rarest of wines, cooled to a charm, were marshalled in that festive procession, which the experience of successive generations of *gourmets* had established as their due order of precedence. The delicate chablis ushered in the feast, the frolic champagne, and the freshness of the fragrant Rhine-wine, enlivened its solemn march as it moved onward, while

‘The gay, serene, good-natured Burgundy,’

threw a sunset glow over its brilliant conclusion. A slave, in the rich livery of the de Mirecourts, stood behind every chair—in seeming, an automaton of ebony, moved only by the will of him whom he was appointed to serve. A white Major Domo, in plain clothes, stood by the temporary sideboard, to anticipate the slightest wish, and to prevent the labor of its utterance. Nothing that wealth could summon from the four quarters of the globe, to heighten

or add a poignancy to luxury, was absent from that splendid banquet.

And the circle for which it was furnished forth was not unworthy of the magic feast. Besides the Marquis and his beautiful daughter, there was Madame de Mirecourt, a beauty somewhat passed her prime, who had superinduced an affectation of French vivacity upon her native Creole apathy and indolence. Here was the Abbé de Valnais, of whom honorable mention has already been made, and the Chevalier de Tillemont, who had served with distinction in America under Rochambeau, and now commanded one of the regiments at Cape François, with the cross of St. Louis suspended from his button-hole. A cadet of a noble family in France, who was attached to the general government of the island,—at that time swayed by M. de Blanchelande,—a wealthy planter and his Parisian wife, who were on a short visit at Plessis, and the Amer-

ican, Vincent, to whom the knowledge of these particulars is due, made up the rest of the party. All were in the highest spirits. The national festivity of spirits, relieved for the time from the anxieties caused by the progress of the Revolution at home, and the sympathetic excitement of the colonial extremities of the French monarchy, which had checked its genial current, gushed forth with the joyousness of a fountain leaping from its cavern. Exile, and impoverishment, and blighted prospects, and disappointed hopes, and homesick yearnings, were all forgotten. The magic of the present hour triumphed over them all. The troubles in France, and in St. Domingo, would soon be over, and the old régime virtually restored. The fierce populace of Paris, and their humble rivals in the provinces and colonies, would soon be reduced to their natural position,—under the feet of the *noblesse*. It was as absurd to suppose that the *sans*

culottes at home could permanently lord it over their birthright masters, as it would be to suppose the negro slaves capable of maintaining an ascendancy over their natural lords. A sudden tempest had disturbed the elements of society, but as soon as it was blown over, things would find their natural level again.

Ah ! there were gay visions seen through that convivial atmosphere that night ! The Abbé beheld, in the brilliant distance, a mitre, perhaps a Cardinal's hat ; and there were some dim images, that looked like Mazarin and Richelieu. A marshal's baton danced before the eyes of the Chevalier. The Marquis saw himself restored to all his baronial rights and enormous rents ; while the opera, the Comédie Française, the masquerades and balls of dear Paris, once more seemed within the reach of Madame de Mirecourt and her daughter. As to the rich planter, he saw armies of negroes, and mountains of sugar, which were

to help him to a speedy return to France, and perhaps to a patent of nobility. The young American, I fear, had no more gorgeous or chivalric imaginings, than of heavy commissions, great profits, *cent. per cent.*, the largest house in Boston, and the neatest villa in its neighborhood.

It was a night, too, to be remembered for itself, divested of the tragic interest with which a few hours invested it. The absurdities and awkwardnesses of the new men, who had taken the place of the old nobility in the direction of affairs, and the comic situations into which their ignorance of the conventions of society betrayed them, afforded fertile themes for the gay wit and playful raillery of the Abbè, and for the bitter sarcasms of the Marquis. The politics of the theatre and of the ballet were discussed with a seriousness which those of the Revolution could not command. Literature, and the quarrels and private history

of the world of letters, were suggestive themes to men who had sat at the tables of D'Holbach, and de Geoffrin, and du Deffand, and who remembered Voltaire, and Rousseau, and and D'Alembert, and Diderot. Scandal, too, lent its wings to hasten on the hours, and the Queen of the Antilles witnessed that night the death of many a Parisian reputation. The crowning satisfaction, however, of their Epicurean philosophy, to which they often recurred with new glee, was their happy removal from the disturbed heart of the kingdom, to a spot whence they could watch its mighty pulsations in safety and peace. Here, at least, they might live without danger from the slavish mass, which must, in all civilized countries, form the groundwork of society. The quarrels, which had distracted the Colony, had arisen from the struggles of the superior classes alone for the mastery. All classes looked with equal contempt and certainty upon the submissive de-

portment of the slaves, whose toil supplied them with their wealth. Strong in this security, they enjoyed a 'Lucretian pleasure' in standing in safety upon the shore, and seeing the barks of others buffeted about by the tempest, or sink foundering in the billows. M. de Mirecourt felt, and said, that he could not feel as if all were lost, even if he never recovered his confiscated estates in France, so long as a thousand negroes extorted from the soil of Plessis half a million of livres every year, and emptied them into his coffers. With such an income, life might be endured for a time, even in that banishment. All were blest in the consciousness of present security, and the confident expectation of future good. Gay wit, light laughter, and rosy hopes, all helped to chase the hours of that genial night.

But, the most genial of nights must have an end at last, and the most perfect of suppers cannot endure forever. At length, the party

separated, at an hour when the Southern cross, quenching its radiance in the Atlantic waves, told that the morning was at hand of a day ever memorable in the history of mankind. They all dispersed, 'in measureless content,' weary with mirth and tired with revelry, little dreaming that sleep would be that night, for the last time, a visitant to the princely Habitation du Plessis. All retired, and all slept, except the American Vincent. The excitement of a scene so new to him drove sleep from his eyes, and, after attempting for an hour or two to banish from his mind the beaming faces, gay voices and ringing laughter of the last few hours, he rose, and, in his *robe de chambre*, walked forth upon the terrace on which the house was built. The moon had set, and a world of new constellations glittered gloriously above his head in a firmament of the blackest blue. The thousand voices of a tropical night still maintained their eternal

concert. The vast masses of vegetation, which covered the mountain sides, and which were to be dimly descried through the night in the nearer distance, seemed to be clothed with the very blackness of darkness — gilded, indeed, by the flashing light of innumerable fireflies. It was a scene of peace and coolness, which soon quieted Vincent's excited brain. As he turned to seek his apartment again, he heard the conch sound in the distance, summoning the field slaves to their daily toil. He knew then that sun-rise was near, and he waited to look upon its glories. He had not gazed into the night long, before the sun vaulted, as it were, from the eastern waves, 'and that moment all was light.' The darkness fled away, like a fiend before the rebuke of an angel, and all the landscape was bathed in the rejoicing beams. From the height on which he stood, the vast plantations of the plain of the Cape seemed like fairy

gardens. No portion of the soil was left neglected. The soft green of the cane-fields, and of the Guinea-grass, beautifully contrasted with the darker hues of the coffee plantations, and of the overarching trees that sheltered them from the scorching heat—looking like graceful columns supporting a canopy of verdure. The mountains, feathering to the top with their forests of enormous trees, reared themselves in a thousand shapes of beauty, while endless varieties of light and shade played over their surface. In the far distance might be discerned the smoke, curling upwards from the city of the Cape; and farther yet, the amethyst and emerald sea, with here and there a white sail gliding over its surface, like blessed spirits floating over a lake in Paradise. And presently, the long lines of slaves were seen winding their way to their appointed task—each division driven by an overseer, a long-lashed whip under his arm, with which he

would ever and anon urge his lagging herd to a brisker pace. The almost naked forms of the negroes, as they dispersed themselves over the cane-fields, and the loose white linen dress and overshadowing hat of the overseers, beheld from that distance, and in the midst of that tropical landscape, seemed to a stranger's eye like a scene from the Arabian Nights. As Vincent gazed upon it, he felt no forebodings of a coming woe. There were no signs in the air of that lovely day, that told of the dread Nemesis that brooded over the fated island to avenge the hoarded wrongs of bloody centuries. No earthquake heralded the downfall of the white race. No tornado shadowed forth the approaching tempest. All was bright and fair, and calm, on that last morning of Slavery.

* * * * *

There was to be a state dinner party at Plessis on the 22d of August. Several of the neighboring planters had been invited to meet

the distinguished guests, who enjoyed its hospitality. This is a serious matter anywhere, and at any time — but especially beneath an August sun, between the tropics. The guests had retired to their apartments, to endure the tortures of a Parisian toilette within twenty degrees of the equator. Madame de Mirecourt sat listlessly in her dressing-room, bewailing in that sacred retreat the ungenerous hostility of the climate to *rouge*, while its inroads upon the complexion made such foreign aid the more important, when the door opened, and Stéphanie, her own woman, hastily entered the apartment. Madame de Mirecourt wondered, as much as her apathetic habits would admit of such an emotion, at her unsummoned appearance — but then Stéphanie was her foster sister, and had lived with her in France, and in an humble way shared her education, and might be permitted liberties which could not pass unpunished in any other slave. The sur-

prise of the mistress was increased, when the slave cautiously opened all the doors that led out of the room, as if to ascertain that no one was listening, and then placed herself before her. ‘What does all this mean, Stéphanie?’ drawled out Madame de Mirecourt, ‘My indulgence has bounds—and Le Fronde has a whip!’ ‘It means,’ replied Stéphanie, in a low voice, ‘that the time has come when the accursed Le Fronde’s whip will be broken, and when he will taste some of his own infernal cruelties himself, and know how sweet they are!’ ‘You forget yourself, Stéphanie,’ replied her mistress. ‘You have been brought up too tenderly. You have heard of the proverb that speaks of the insolence of an unwhipped slave?’ ‘It is to that tenderness of which you speak, Madame,’ replied Stéphanie, ‘that foolish tenderness, that you will owe your life, if indeed it can yet be saved. It is an unwhipped slave that would save you and

yours a faint taste of those horrors which your race has so long heaped upon mine.' 'Just Heaven!' exclaimed the Marchioness, startled out of her apathy, 'what is it you mean?' 'I mean,' solemnly answered Stéphanie, 'that Heaven *is* just! That the day of my people's deliverance is come! That this night the whole plain of the Cape will be filled with fire and blood — a slight atonement for centuries of outrage! The insurrection, thank God, is so well matured that failure is impossible — and, now, it is my folly to wish to save you for your selfish kindness to me. And yet' — 'O God! my daughter!' exclaimed the agonized mother — for there was that in the tone and looks of Stéphanie which forbade her to question the truth of her words — 'O save her! save her!' 'Command yourself, Madame,' replied the slave, 'and you may both be saved — but it will depend entirely on your control of yourself.' 'O! Stéphanie,

Stéphanie !' exclaimed the humbled mistress, throwing herself at the feet of her slave, and embracing her knees in an agony of despair. 'Remember all you owe to me ! Recollect my kindness, my indulgence, from the day when we had but one mother !' 'Yes,' answered Stéphanie, bitterly, 'Yes, I remember that you treated me like a petted lap-dog, or a tame parrot ! And yet, I do owe you more than you imagine—for had it not been for the lessons you permitted me to receive in the Convent of St. Agnes, this holy insurrection could never have been so secretly, and yet so surely planned as to be certainly triumphant. But rise, Madame ; that is a posture never again to be assumed by one mortal to another in St. Domingo.' 'Not till you have promised me to defeat this dreadful rebellion,' cried Madame de Mirecourt, still clinging to Stéphanie. 'You shall have your freedom,—you shall have wealth, such as none of your caste ever

dreamed of possessing, — you shall be honored forever as the saviour of the white race, if you will but delay it till troops can be brought hither from the Cape!’ ‘My freedom!’ replied Stéphanie scornfully, ‘I thank you, Madame; but I mean to take that myself without the leave of any earthly being. As to delaying the sacrifice, it is not in my power to do it — but if it were, not all the wealth of France would induce me to defer it a moment, when it is ready to be offered.’ ‘Then I will do it myself,’ exclaimed the Marchioness, starting to her feet, and making a movement towards the door. ‘Stay, Madame,’ said Stéphanie calmly, and detaining her mistress with a grasp not to be resisted, ‘You will but hasten the catastrophe by such madness. The first peal of the alarm-bell, — the first shriek that will tell that all is known, — and in five minutes twenty knives will be in the heart of every white man on the estate, and in a quar-

ter of an hour, the flames of Plessis will tell to the whole plain that the hour is come. As to the women,' she continued, partly unsheathing a knife concealed in her bosom, 'I shall take care, in such case, to save you and Mademoiselle from the terrible vengeance which I fear the husbands, fathers and brothers of the outraged slave-women, *will* wreak on the wives, daughters and sisters of their tyrants.' 'O God!' exclaimed the distracted Marchioness, sinking, half fainting, upon a couch, 'what is to be done?' 'Leave that to me, Madame,' said Stéphanie, 'your part is to appear below as if all were well. After you are dressed, I shall see M. le Marquis, and concert my plan with him. Remember that all depends on your playing your part well, so that no suspicion may be awakened in the minds of the slaves behind your chairs. For I need not say that suspicion would be instant death. And now, Madame, to your toilette.'

And never, since Stéphanie had performed those offices about the person of her mistress, did she discharge them more accurately than on that last day of her servitude. Madame de Mirecourt, half stunned, and feeling the power of a strong mind over a weaker one, yielded herself implicitly to the hands of her slave, and promised to obey her directions in all points. She wore her diamonds, at the instance of Stéphanie, and concealed other valuable jewels about her person. ‘These would have been mine,’ said Stéphanie, ‘but no matter; you will need them more than I in the strange land whither you must go.’ Madame de Mirecourt shuddered at the idea of poverty and exile — but nearer and worse dangers soon drove it from her mind. Heavens! What a toilette was that!

* * * * *

It was a princely banquet that graced the great dining-room at Plessis that day, but as

dreadful to some of those that sat around the board, as was the Egyptian feast to the novice, when the falling rose-wreath disclosed to him the grim features of his skeleton companion. M. de Mirecourt had managed to inform all the gentlemen of his household guests of their danger, and of his plan of escape. The circumstances, with which Stephanie had confirmed her story, had put the matter beyond a doubt. Nothing remained for them but to save their lives by flight, according to the plan she pointed out. And there they sat, in full dress, around the splendid table, with this dreadful secret weighing upon their hearts, playing the part of gay revellers! Ah! it was a ghastly feast! How changed their hearts since the merry hours of last night's revel! The ancient story of the sword, suspended by a single hair over the head of the parasite, as he reclined at a regal banquet, such as was spread for his tyrant, did but shadow forth the horrors of that

night! O, those interminable courses! it seemed as if they would never come to an end. How ‘palled the tasteless meats and joyless wines!’ And then those insufferable guests of the day, who knew nothing of the fearful truth, how they did prose! They eat and drank as if they knew that it was their last dinner, and were resolved to make the most of it. They discussed the viands and wines, as if an accurate acquaintance with their virtues was the necessary passport to Paradise. And then they talked of their crops, and their slaves, the annual loss by overworking and necessary correction, and all the economics of whipping, and starving, and maiming. And this to men who knew that the slave behind every chair had a cane-knife, sharpened on both sides, in his bosom! Human nature — even French human nature — could not have endured it much longer.

At last — and it *was* an at last — the guests

made a move to depart, murmuring something of the lateness of the hour, and the distance they had to go, hoping to be pressed to stay with hospitable urgency. 'Must you go, indeed!' exclaimed the Marquis, assuming an air of half-tipsy jollity; 'then we will all escort you a mile or two on your way, and drink a parting bottle by the road-side, in the moonlight.' The proposition was hailed by all in the secret, and out of it, as a most whimsical and admirable frolic. The coaches were ordered round, and the Chevalier de Tillemont directed his horse to be saddled, as better fitting his knightly character. When the carriages came round, that of the Marquis took the lead, and was followed by two others of the planter guests. As they were entering them, Vincent protested against being enclosed in any such prison upon wheels, and declared his intention of mounting the box, so that he might see the country to the more advantage. As

the moon had not yet risen, and it was almost pitch dark, this was hailed as an excellent jest; and the Abbé also, in the same vein, insisted upon mounting the box of the carriage that came next. M. de Tillemont rode along-side of the third. In this order they proceeded, until they came near the place where the two planters would turn off from the road to Cape François. Here, at a signal from the Chevalier, Vincent pointed a pistol at the head of the coachman by whose side he sat, and threatened him with instant death, unless he suffered himself to be pinioned peaceably. The Abbé, at the same moment, threw his arms round those of his neighbor, and confined them, until he could be secured; while the Chevalier, mounted on a charger which obeyed the least touch of the foot, or slightest word, with a pistol in either hand, took charge of the third coachman, and of all the footmen, and, with the help of the attaché and of the gentleman

who had been a visitor at Plessis, succeeded in binding them all on the ground, before they well knew what had happened to them. He then briefly stated the exigency of the case to the planters, who were not in the secret, and who were scarcely less astonished at the treatment their slaves had received than they were themselves. They were not convinced, however, of the danger. Their contempt of the blacks supplied whatever might be wanting in personal or moral courage, and they persisted in proceeding to their own homes. There was no time for expostulation ; so, after their slaves had been disarmed, they were set at liberty, and proceeded with their masters across the plain. It is needless to say that those masters never saw the light of another sun. The rest of the party crowded into M. de Mirecourt's carriage, which Vincent undertook to drive, — with the exception of the Chevalier, who, with a passing farewell, put spurs to his horse and

galloped off, at the top of his speed, along the rough road, as it wound around the side of the mountain; the sparkles from his horse's hoofs marking his course long after he himself was lost in the darkness. Vincent was no experienced whip, and was entirely unacquainted with the road, so that their progress seemed slow to their excited fears. Thus they proceeded through the dark night, when, of a sudden, a ruddy glow shot through the air. They turned their heads, and far away, where it was notched into the mountain's side, they saw Plessis one sheet of flame! It was a beautiful, though a fearful sight; but it was one that told the Marquis that he was a beggar!

They were now emerging from the mountain-side upon the plain. They had been hitherto unmolested, but the number of estates they would have to pass rendered the next two leagues of their journey full of danger. This was soon made more clear to them — for,

as if they had waited for the signal-fire to be kindled on the height of Plessis, the whole plain, and the sides of the skirting mountains, were lighted up with a hundred conflagrations. In the glare of this fearful illumination, they drove on for a mile or two further, when they came to an estate, the mansion of which was but a bow-shot from the road. It was just wrapped in flames — the negroes could be seen dancing in mad mirth around it — while fearful shrieks, such as Vincent remembered to have heard ushering in the day at the Cape, and even at Plessis, though now issuing from other lips, were heard above the roar of the fire and the shouts of the insurgent slaves. It was soon plain that they were perceived, and their errand suspected. They were loudly ordered to stop, — and when this command was disregarded, a company of thirty or forty negroes set out in full pursuit. It was a pastime that had the charm of novelty to the pursuers. They had,

some of them, been the quarry of the slave-hunt, but they had none of them ever engaged before as the hunters in the chase of the white man. Vincent had nothing left for it but speed. He lashed the horses with all his strength, and gave them the rein. They dashed onward with furious speed, and he hoped soon to leave his pursuers far behind. But, unluckily, when in full career, sweeping away over the plain, one of the horses fell, and though he almost instantly recovered himself, the accident gave a fearful advantage to the pursuers. Before Vincent could put up his steeds to their full speed again, it was clear that the enemy were gaining upon him. Their yells sound nearer and nearer, the light of their torches flashes brighter and brighter from behind, their footsteps fall more and more numerous upon his ear. The taste they have had of the white man's blood that night, has only maddened, not satisfied, their thirst. They

are even now upon him. Some seize the spokes of the wheels, to hold them back. Others rush to the horses, and attempt to hamstring them, and to cut the traces. Vincent has no longer any control over them, as they plunge and rear in pain and terror. He gives up all for lost — and well he may — for a more formidable band never set about a work of death. Some bore in their hands huge brands, from the burning house, which they waved over their heads; some brandished their cane-knives in their hands, and others had them fastened to long poles. Some were armed with axes, and some with huge iron bars. Some were almost naked, and others were fantastically dressed in the rich damasks and brocades of their masters and mistresses. Almost all had blood on their hands or on their garments. They seemed like fiends, who had been for a long time subjected to the will of a magician, but who had at length surmounted

the charm, and were enjoying the delight of torturing their tormentor. They gathered around the coach, and their cry was for blood. Vincent exhorted the gentlemen within the carriage to sell their lives as dearly as they might. They were only armed with the short rapier, which at that time formed an indispensable part of full dress; he had, besides, a pair of pistols. With these, he attempted to keep the insurgents at bay—but with brief success. Uttering a charm, which they believed a specific against gun-shot wounds, they rush upon him, clambering in crowds upon the coach-box. Others force open the doors of the carriage, and are about to drag out the occupants. All seems to be over—when a rushing sound is heard in the distance. What is it? The assailants pause for a moment to listen. It is surely the tread of horses' feet. It sweeps on nearer and nearer. Can it be possible? Yes! it is indeed the gallant De Tille-

mont, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, coming to their aid at their utmost need. They advance at their fullest speed — their carbines are unslung — they pour a sharp, though scattering fire upon the insurgents, and then charge upon them with the sabre. The negroes had not then learnt that they were a match for the regular troops of France, and they slowly and reluctantly retired, and left their prey. This was indeed a deliverance out of the very jaws of death. But there was no time for congratulations or compliments. They did not know but that a multitude, to which their force might be unequal, would intercept their return. Troop horses hastily supplied the place of those that the insurgents had wounded, and, in the shortest possible time, they were on their rapid way to the city. Years of sensation were crowded into that hour. It was worth the experience of many a long life to have shared that brief but fearful

journey from Plessis to the Cape. They met, however, with no further opposition, and entered the city just as the bell of the Cathedral tolled twelve.

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They were safe for the night, — but Vincent was sure that the insurrection would soon sweep over the city. He had a vessel in the harbor, under his control, and he determined to make use of her for his escape. He offered a passage to all his late companions in peril. None accepted it, but M. and Madame de Mirecourt, and their daughter. The rest all felt safe under the protecting arm of France — but many months had not elapsed, before they had all of them fatal reason to regret their confidence. The very next day, Vincent and his late hosts set sail for America, — and within a fortnight of the day when M. de Mirecourt rejoiced in the possession of a thousand slaves and half a million of rent, he stood upon the

shores of New-York, without a resource, save the jewels which Stéphanie, the slave, had secreted about the person of her mistress. For a while after his return to Boston, Vincent heard of them often as favorites in the fashionable circles of New-York, but at last they disappeared, and all his researches after them were in vain. Whether they returned to France, and there perished in the Days of Terror, or whether, after their stock was exhausted, they carried their poverty to some distant part of America, where, under a different name, they could, without shame, support themselves by manual labor, is yet uncertain — and it is not likely that it will now ever be known. The latter fate was most probably theirs. It was a common one in those days of change. Many of the proudest of the historical names of France fled to this country at the time of the emigration, and after shining awhile in this new firmament, set forever, and were seen

no more below. Many an emigrant sunk a Marquis, a Viscount, or a Chevalier, in one city, and rose a cook, a confectioner, or a hair-dresser, in another. In that obscurity did many of the noblest names of France go out, and leave no trace behind. Had Sterne made a sentimental journey to this country fifty years ago, he might have seen stranger sights than a Chevalier de St. Louis selling pies in the streets of Versailles. If such were the fate of the Marquis de Mirecourt and his family, we may at least hope that they were happier, as they were certainly more innocent and useful, in their humble occupations, than when they rioted in luxuries wrested from the unwilling hands of a thousand slaves.

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Such was the story which Mr. Vincent would tell, of a winter's evening, to his children and his friends. It has a moral, which is not limited by the scene nor the actors of this little drama.

It exemplifies the operation of eternal and universal laws. It shows that the day of account will surely come, wherever there is wrong or crime. Who knows what country may afford the next example of this awful retribution! Nemesis never sleeps. Though she is long-suffering, she forgets nothing, and overlooks nothing. When men have filled their cup, with blood, and cruelties, and unutterable abominations, to its brim, it is that very cup that she commends to their own lips. There is but one Power, of might enough to wrest it from her inexorable hand — and that Power is REPENTANCE.

THE CHASE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

‘ Ho ! hunters of the panting slave,
That, from your house and hounds has fled,
And sought a refuge where the brave
Of other days for freedom bled ;
Bring your fleet coursers to a halt !
Call in your hounds ! — they’re all at fault !

Your slave — the thankless refugee ! —
Feigning some terrible alarms,
Dares, for protection, look to me ;
Yes, casts himself into my arms ;
And says that he has heard them tell
Where Prescott fought, and Warren fell . —

‘ That he has heard about a pile,
That heavenward lifts its stately head,
That day may leave its parting smile,
Just where my bravest children bled,
Like victims, at their country’s call,
To purchase liberty for ALL : —

‘ And that, long ere “ October’s sun,”
At Richmond, tinged one raven lock
Of Webster, he had heard of one,
Who said, — not far from Plymouth’s rock ; —
“ I hear the hammer’s sound ! — I see
“ The furnace-smoke of slavery !

‘ “ Before my sight the vision swims,
“ Of foul artificers, by whom
“ Fetters are forged for human limbs,
“ While Midnight wraps their work in gloom,
“ And makes the strokes of her sullen bell
“ Chime in with the strokes of that work of
hell !

“ I call on those, who, round the flame
Of righteous law, keep watch and ward,
Or, in Religion’s awful name,
Serve in the temples of the Lord,
To let these sinners feel the ban
Of Church and State, — of God and man ! ”

‘ And, trusting that the soul that spoke
Such words, yet lived, in all my bounds,
Your hunted one shook off your yoke ;
And, from your halters and your hounds,
Has he escaped, and fled to me,
Resolved on “ death or liberty.”

‘ Poor, cheated “ chattel ” ! When I sing
Of freedom, and old War’s disasters,
I mean, I’m free from George the King,
Not free from you — my southern masters !
O, no ; the slaves from you that slip,
I’ll catch and hold, for you to whip.

‘ For, thus ’t is written in the bond,
That holds the North and South together : —
So, masters, when your “ things ” abscond,
Be it in warm or wintry weather,
I nab them : — so dismiss your pack
Of hounds ; and come, and take him back.

‘ For I have also “ things,” that talk,
Each furnished with an iron claw,
To “ hook ” such *wares* as hither walk,
With, or without the forms of law : —
So come, and feed* my biped pack ;
Come and “ convey ” your chattel back.’

Good God ! Is it to such a note,
That stanch old Massachusetts yelps ?
Opens she thus her deep-toned throat ?
Falls she in thus, with younger whelps,
In the hot chase of fleeing gangs,
In human limbs to flesh her fangs ?

* *Qu.* ‘ fee ’ ?

The fires of freedom *must* she quench —

The proud old Mother of us all —

Upon her Altar and her Bench,

On Bunker's Hill — in Faneuil Hall?

Must the *last spark* be trodden out,

Lest her old Virgin sister pout?

No! — Let old Massachusetts tread

Queenly, along her rugged shore,

From Plymouth's rock, to Marblehead;

And, as the surges rage, and roar,

And foam, — let her look down, and say,

‘ Well thundered, Ocean! — roar away!

‘ The Hand that lifts your threatening seas,

Has reared these ramparts on my line: —

Be still, or stormy, — as you please;

’T is all the same to me and mine.

These rocks my grounds and children guard;

So, beat away! — you'll find, they're hard.’

So, too, when Southern despots chafe,
And scent their flying bondman's track,
Within her lines let *him* be safe ;
And, though they foam, let *them* fall back ;
And let *her* lift her hand, and say, —
' From Berkshire's hills to Buzzard's Bay,

' You see a land of Liberty !

True hearts are here, and toil-worn hands :
No foot can step here, but 't is free ; —

Look, stranger, look o'er all these lands ;
There's room here yet, for freemen's graves,
But none for kidnappers — or slaves.'

S O C R A T E S I N B O S T O N .

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PHILOSOPHER AND
A YANKEE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

SOCRATES AND JONATHAN.

Socrates. TELL me, friend Jonathan, what means that crowd of citizens, I saw just now, in front of the long, ugly building behind a portico, which somebody, it seems, has set up there for his convenience, till it shall be needed in some appropriate place? I perceive you have ready-made porticos exposed — for sale, I presume — in several parts of the city: — but that crowd; what does it mean? I saw Ethiopians in it.

Jonathan. A southern gentleman has come

here to claim his runaway Slave. The crowd is a mob of loafers, niggers, and anti-slavery men and maids, who would rob the owner of his property, thus violating justice and the laws.

S. Is not this a land of freedom ?

J. The only free country in the world.

S. A slave-owner come here for his victim ! By Hercules —

J. Stop, stop ! You forget that this is a land of Christianity, and that I am deacon of a Christian church. No swearing, nor heathen talk. We have a law against blasphemy, and ‘extra-judicial oaths.’

S. Excuse my Athenian blood. I hope to amend. Remember that, at best, I was but a poor benighted heathen, who knew nothing of religion and righteousness. I have been only two days in your country, and have but just awakened from a sleep of more than two thousand years.

J. You are very much to be pitied; but pray respect our feelings.

S. I hope to profit by your instructions. But you speak of four things, namely: of Slavery, Law, Justice, and Christianity, as if they were all parts of your system. Do I understand you? for I confess I was a little dull at Athens; and the hemlock and the damps of the grave have not sharpened my wits. Pray enlighten me a little.

J. They are part of our institutions, which are the best in the world,

S. Then I have got on the top of the world at last; and, by your countenance, I am sure you are just the man to teach me the improvements of the last two thousand years. God be praised! What is your *Slavery*? to begin with that.

J. We have about three millions of negroes, who are slaves. Their fathers were slaves before them, and, if it please God, their children

shall likewise be slaves. They live chiefly at the South, and do all the servile work there.

S. Three millions of slaves in the only free country of the world ! I begin to understand a little. But tell me next about your *Laws*, — who make them ?

J. We, the people ! *We* have no masters ! ‘All men are born free and equal.’

S. Very well ! But if you have no masters, why do you obey the laws ?

J. Because we *make* them.

S. Excellent ! Are the slaves part of the people ?

J. No. They have no political duties.

S. Do they *obey* the laws ?

J. None more thoroughly.

S. For what reason ? because they do *not* make them ? Oh ! sagacious deacon !

J. No ; but because they are *right* laws.

S. So they obey because the laws are right ; you because you make them.

J. That is the difference.

S. But how do the slaves *know* they are right laws?

J. Oh! because, — why — ahem. I will think. — Because —

S. Let me be the Lucina of your wisdom, as I used to help the men of genius about Athens in their labor. Are not the laws *right*, because *made by the right men*?

J. That's my sentiment exactly.

S. And who are the right men?

J. The *legal Voters* and their *Representatives*. They govern the land, pay the taxes, and raise the armies, and support the State.

S. So it seems that *right law is the opinion of men able to enforce their opinion*.

J. It is so, of course.

S. Very well! But what is Justice? The same as Law?

J. Why! why! — Y-e-s. Oh yes, of course it is, or Justice would be unlawful.

S. Oh, blessed country! where law and justice are the same thing. Shades of Rhadamanthus, Zaleucus — Mi —

J. Stop, stop! No more heathenism in Boston, if you please. Christianity is part of the law of the land.

S. Christianity. Oh, that is the fourth thing you named. Slavery, Law, and Justice I think I comprehend. But what is Christianity?

J. That is our religion.

S. That is a little vague. Is Christianity a God?

J. No, but the *Word* of God.

S. Of course it must be the *true* religion.

J. It is so. I uphold, in my feeble way, the Christian church.

S. I kiss the bottom of your sable cloak. I knew you were a holy man, by the gravity of your face. But, pray, tell me more about Christianity, for I am a poor heathen that never heard of *your* religion till two days ago. Then

I went into one of your churches, as I saw a crowd entering. I found one man who came to talk; a few to sing; some to sleep; a few to listen; and the greater part to look at one another. But come, tell me what Christianity consists of.

J. I wish Dr. Banbaby was here.

S. Who is the Doctor? Is he a deacon?

J. Oh no. He is a very learned divine. He could tell you all about Christianity. But he has gone to Richmond to take measures to purify the church in the eyes of the slave-holders, for some of them most unrighteously accuse us of condemning slavery.

S. You never did such a naughty thing?

J. Never, no never!

S. But is Christianity a life, or a belief?

J. Some pretend that it is a life; but the greater part of the churches think, as I do, that it is a belief, for certainly Faith is better than Works, as the churches say we cannot be saved by Works.

S. Excellent! It consists, then, in *doctrines* more than *actions*?

J. It is so.

S. So actions, I take it, are subject to justice and the laws; doctrines to religion and Christianity, eh?

J. Exactly so. The Christian ministers punish wrong doctrines, and the magistrates wrong actions; and both together keep a pretty sharp look-out on all that think or act.

S. It is always well to keep actions and doctrines in separate cribs, lest they quarrel and destroy each other, or one gets sickly and infects the other. 'Never put all your eggs in one basket,' as Menippus says in his comedy. This is a capital contrivance; all your actions may be worthless, and your doctrines worth as much as ever! So law and justice allow the action of slavery?

J. Yes.

S. What are the chief *doctrines* of Christianity?

J. It bids us read the Bible; observe the Sabbath; attend church, and love the Lord.

S. It bids you attend to *four things*: the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, and the Lord. Is that all?

J. Oh no. It bids us repent.

S. Repent of what is right, or only of what is wrong?

J. Of the latter only; but all men are sinners by nature.

S. Is *Repentance* a practical thing, that ends in action? or a speculative thing that ends in — smoke? — Do not grow red in the face. I meant no harm.

J. It is a *practical* thing.

S. And means a thorough departure from what is wrong, and adhesion to what is right, I think.

J. It does.

S. Christianity then consists of *five* things. Is that all?

J. I wish Dr. Banbaby was here; he could tell you. The Doctor would talk all day about it.

S. Precious Dr. Banbaby, how I long to embrace him! But does not Christianity bid you *love man*, as well as God? The talker in the church, the other day, read something out of a great book. Somebody afterwards told me the passage was called the Sermon on the Mount—though it differed a little from what they called ‘the sermon’ in that church. Well, as I understood that passage, the *love of man* was the *chief duty of man*. Is that a Christian book?

J. Oh! yes, yes. Christianity does teach love of man. I forgot that. But Dr. Banbaby does not talk so much about love of man as love of God—for it is part of the ‘covenant of works.’

S. Christianity, then, teaches *six* things, besides what the Doctor has taken with himself

to Richmond, namely: attention to the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church and the Law, Repentance, and Love of man. But all these doctrines lead to actions. So I fear, after all, you have 'too many eggs in one basket.' Now I understand all the *four* things you spoke of first. But as you kindly offer to show me the wonders of the city, I had rather look at your institutions than your buildings — after what you have shown me of the Court-house, and the — But no matter. I am a dull man, as you see, and must needs ask many questions to get at the bottom of such things as you see through at a glance. But tell me, is Christianity *right*?

J. Right! most certainly! 'Tis the word of God, and 'part of the law of the land,' as Judge Hangem said, the other day.

S. Did the *legal voters* make Christianity?

J. By no means.

S. Then how do you know it is *right*?

J. It is the Word of God.

S. Are your laws the Word of God?

J. No.

S. But they are right *because the right persons to make laws made them*, and Christianity is right because *the right person to make a religion made that also?*

J. That is the case.

S. But if the right men can make right laws by voting, why can't they make a right religion by voting? A man at the inn told me that no two parties of your divines agreed, and each thought all the others were dangerously wrong. So I thought each party made its religion by voting. Is not it so? Don't be so uneasy. I will ask Dr. Banbaby about that. You try your actions by the law which the voters made, and your doctrines by the Christianity which God made. May not a thing be right by Christianity, but wrong in law?

J. By no means. Then Christianity would be unlawful, and I could not hold my office.

S. Well said ! The reason is, there is only one RIGHT, and that never contradicts itself, in law or religion. Am I right ?

J. It is so.

S. Did the voters make that one right ? Never mind the question ; Dr. Banbaby will answer it. But are Christianity and the laws always on the same side ?

J. Always, in our land !

S. Yet the laws allow slavery ; does Christianity ?

J. Of course. St. Paul says, ‘ Slaves, obey your masters.’

S. That being the case, is it right for a Christian, *so far as he is a Christian*, to keep a slave, or only so far as he is *not a Christian* ?

J. The first.

S. And if the slave escape, it is the duty of other Christians, so far as they are Christians, to catch him, and give him up !

J. Certainly ! There is a law in such cases,

made and provided, and, *as Christians*, we must keep it.

S. But suppose Christianity and the laws should chance to conflict?

J. But they never do. I will not make an absurd supposition.

S. It would be improper in a gentleman of your gravity. Do both support slavery?

J. Indeed they do.

S. Oh, blessed country! where the laws and the religion agree! But with which of the *six* parts of Christianity does slavery agree?

J. Why — why — with all of them. Christianity is a whole!

S. With attention to the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, the Law, and with repentance — eh?

J. No doubt of it.

S. With love to man also?

J. Certainly. Slavery is a great *blessing*. It is a ‘patriarchal institution.’

S. A blessing to the slave, or the master?

J. To both.

S. To the slave as a *slave*, and the master as a *master*? or both as *men*?

J. To both as *men*.

S. How does it bless the *slave*?

J. He has the advantage of our civilization and Christianity.

S. Does that advantage improve him?

J. Yes. It takes him from savage idleness, and the worship of false gods, and gives him an acquaintance with the civilization of a Christian people.

S. Does this improve him in the qualities of a man, so far as he is a *man*? or of a slave, so far as he is a *slave*?

J. In the qualities of a *man*.

S. The qualities of a man are wisdom, goodness, religion.

J. These are the qualities of a *Christian man*.

S. Does slavery advance the slave in these? You hesitate. Let us make the question more simple; does slavery teach the slave your Science, Art, Literature?

J. No. We forbid that by law.

S. And your laws are of course right, because made by the right persons. I will not question their justice—that is above *my* reach. But it seems slavery does not make the slave *wiser*?

J. I was a little too fast; we lay more stress on goodness and religion.

S. That is right. So I suppose slavery does not encourage indolence, wastefulness, deception and fraud, in the slaves, any more than it did at Athens. Of course the honor of the women, and the self-respect of the men, are duly attended to.

J. They are so.

S. I am glad to hear that of Christian slavery. The numerous mulatto children, the

gentleman mentioned yesterday, are born, I suppose, of white women and black fathers, or at least in lawful wedlock, — eh?

J. You are facetious! Our wives and daughters would repel that charge! They are mainly the children of white men and black women, and are scarcely ever born in wedlock. The laws forbid such marriages. Do you think we are heathens?

S. Excuse my dullness. So the honor of the women is at the mercy of the master! How is it with the self-respect of the men? I saw by the newspapers, at the reading-room, that the masters chain their slaves, scourge and mutilate them; brand them with red-hot irons. Does that promote their self-respect?

J. Not altogether. But negroes don't feel it much; and besides, it is necessary to prevent escape. We must not encourage *too much* self-respect.

S. So that neither the honor of the women, nor the self-respect of the men is protected. Their *Goodness* is about as much promoted as their *Wisdom*, which your laws prohibit.

J. I confess I was a little too hasty. But we lay more stress on teaching them Christianity!

S. So Christianity may be taught without defending the virtue of the women, the self-respect of the men, or the wisdom and goodness of either. Pray tell me what particular qualities Christianity awakens in the slave's bosom!

J. Patience, Obedience, Love of God, and Hope of Heaven

S. A fine catalogue, truly! these are all qualities of a man, not a slave. But does Christian *patience* bid you suffer *all* evils, or only the unavoidable, and leave you to resist what it is cowardice to endure?

J. Only the unavoidable evils. Our fathers fought against *avoidable* evils.

S. Excellent. Does Christianity teach *Obedience* to *all* commands, or only to *Christian* commands?

J. Only the latter.

S. Does it teach love of God on account of God's *goodness*, or for other reasons?

J. For his goodness alone? The slave must *hate evil*.

S. So the Christian slave loves what is lovely in God, and hates badness, find it where he may?

J. Exactly so.

S. Goodness is lovely in God or man, and evil or badness is hateful in both?

J. Nobody can doubt it.

S. Well, my good friend, is it goodness in the eyes of Christianity to *improve* a man, or is it badness to do so?

J. Do you take *me* for a fool? It is goodness.

S. So it is goodness to promote a man's

growth in the qualities of a man, and badness to prevent his growth therein; and goodness is to be loved and badness hated, eh?

J. It should be — but what then?

S. Don't grow red in the face. I only wish to exercise my mother's art upon your genius, and learn a little myself. To hold men in such a condition that wisdom and goodness are hindered in them — as you confess it is in this case — looks like *badness* in my *heathen* eyes. But I have not much light as yet. Now if the Christian slave love God for his goodness, I see not but he must hate his master for his badness. And since, as you say, 'all men are born free and equal,' slavery is no ordinance of God's goodness, but of man's badness, and therefore avoidable. So the slave has just the same *Christian right* to butcher his master, that your brave fathers had to butcher their tyrants. Still more — to command a man to be a slave is contrary to

love of man, and not a Christian command, and therefore is not to be obeyed. Shades of Harmodius and Aristogiton!

J. Oh no, no, no! The slave must obey his master and love him too. Christianity says, love all men.

S. The worst as well as the best, or the worst least, and the best most?

J. The latter.

S. But it is badness, which the master, so far as he is a *master*, shows to the slave, so far as he is a *slave* — according to your own showing!

J. I confess it is so.

S. Then I see not how he can love his master in so far as he is *master*. But I am a heathen. Christianity you say bids you love all men. So it bids the master love his slaves.

J. He does love them very much.

S. Good! As *men* or as *cattle*?

J. As *men*!

S. The lover of cattle labors to promote in his oxen the *qualities of oxen*. The lover of men labors to promote the *qualities of a man* in those he loves. But slavery exists only by holding these qualities in check, and seeking to destroy them; is that consistent with love of man?

J. No.

S. Or with Christianity?

J. No — But Christianity teaches the slave hope of Heaven!

S. The talker in the church said that heaven was the kingdom of God—a state where Christianity rules; that it could never take place on earth, but we have all to pray as if it could. Is that right?

J. Dr. Banbaby could not have said better.

S. Is there *badness* in heaven?

J. No.

S. Slavery?

J. None at all. 'There the servant is free from his master,' as the apostle Paul says. '—

S. So the slave *prays* for heaven, and of course for *freedom*. Don't faithful Christian prayers appear in action?

J. They *ought* to do so.

S. So the slave, if a Christian, will pray and *struggle* too for his freedom! I wonder the masters allow Christianity to be taught to their slaves.

J. Why—I may as well tell you, they don't *teach them all of it*.

S. Excellent. They *divide* it with their slaves, and give the slave the *duties of Christianity*, and *themselves* take the *rights of Christianity*.

J. That is it exactly.

S. Most Christian masters! Does not Dr. Banbaby do about the same thing?—Does the master pray 'God's kingdom come?'

J. Oh yes; that is the Lord's prayer.

S. I am glad to hear it, and wish it was the servants' too. Now it seems to me you

have confessed that you take no pains to teach your slaves either wisdom or goodness, and still less Christianity: that you degrade the slave in all the qualities of a man, and promote in him those of a beast. Can you deny it?

J. No! but I never thought so before, and I protest against your heathen way of looking at things. You trust reason too much. You think faith of no use without works. (I wish Dr. Banbaby was here to defend our *Christian institutions*, and —

S. I beg your pardon — You just confessed slavery was not a Christian institution. Tell me why you keep it.

J. It is a blessing to the master — that is the reason.

S. Does it bless him in the *qualities of a man*, wisdom, goodness, Christianity?

J. Yes! they say 'it does us good.'

S. So the slave-owners are the best-educated, the most chaste, temperate, industrious,

kind, just, generous, charitable and religious men in the land, I suppose! They formed all the societies for doing good, at home and abroad—and exert the intellectual moral and religious influence of the nation—do they not?

J. None of these things—I must confess it. Slavery increases their wealth, not what you call the *qualities of a man*. I never saw it so before. Slavery is a curse to the slave and the master. It is not Christian—but yet, oh, yes it is *lawful*.

S. So it would seem that Christianity or the word of God must be mistaken, as it is hostile to Slavery, for that is supported by the Laws, ‘which were made by the right persons,’ and therefore right.

J. The Laws are the words of men.

S. And when they conflict with the words of God, which will you follow? The word of man says, ‘Give back a fugitive Slave to his master;’ the word of God says, ‘Love your

brother as yourself,' and means 'Take care of him as of yourself.' Which will you do?

J. Our Officers have sworn to keep the Laws; they never swore to keep God's word or Christianity.

S. Prudent officers! they always keep their oath, I take it?

J. Always. Dr. Banbaby says, 'Perform unto the Lord thine oaths.'

S. Must a Christian keep a *right* oath only, or a *wrong* one?

J. Only the former.

S. And a *right oath* is one taken before the *right magistrate*, as right Laws are those made by the right persons?

J. It is so.

S. So your officers will give up this fugitive slave you spoke of—though they know it is *wrong* and *unchristian*, for the sake of their oath taken before a right magistrate?

J. Of course. You would not have a man

violate his oath ! Besides, the State *punishes* such as do not keep its Laws.

S. And God does not punish such as disobey his words, because they have never *sworn* to keep them. Am I right ?

J. That is just the difference. The Law insists on the ‘covenant of works,’ and punishes men that disobey. But God is merciful, and long-suffering, and if we have no works — we can throw ourselves on his mercy — trust in our Faith, and be saved by ‘imputed Righteousness.’ If it were not so, it would be hard for men who knew their Lord’s will and did it not.

S. Does Christianity teach that God will hold the wrong-doer innocent because he *knew what was right* ? Do you mean to say that you believe it ? Let me now tell you what I think of you. There is one duty that Christianity demands of you all, North and South, and that is, REPENTANCE. I cannot express —

J. There's our church-bell tolling for Lecture, and Dr. Smothertext is to preach on '*the danger of being righteous over much.*' Do come and hear him.

S. That danger is very imminent in your case, but I don't feel it, and will not go.

J. Well, I must go without you — Good by. I'm afraid I shall miss the prayer. (*Exit Deacon.*)

Socrates Solus. Have two thousand years and more gone by, since my time? I heard of Christianity when Paul came to Mars Hill, and blessed his manly heart — as I lay in my grave. This cannot be real. Slavery in a free land; defended in a Christian land; by men that do not *own* slaves! This must be all a dream! Let me pray my old prayer. Oh, thou great ONE! give me a Mind to see the Truth; a Conscience to discern the Right; a Heart full of Love; a Soul of Faith, and a blameless Life.

THOUGHTS OF A STONE-SPLITTER,

ON FINDING THE FIGURE OF A BELL, BEAUTIFULLY AND WON-
DERFULLY MARKED BY SHINING HORNBLEND, IN THE
HEART OF AN IMMENSE GRANITE ROCK.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

THAT State shall happy be and strong,
An ancient man hath said,
Where pain of poorest, hurt by wrong,
Thrills to the nation's head.

Wise man, what sayest of this Bay State,
With olden laurels crowned ;
Is she thus happy in her fate,
As happy as renowned ?

Now is this heavy answer heard ;
 ‘ Her glories are attaint,
She’s recreant to her God and word ;
 Head, heart, are sick and faint.

‘ *Her* poorest, seized by pirate *law*,
 Wear out the galling chain ;
Are scourged and die unfriended, or
 Are *purchased* back again !’

Just God ! is she to bear this shame,
 Lest we the *Union* shock ?
Aye, whisper slanderers of her name ;
 NO ! *rings* her mountain *rock*.

SLAVERY'S PLEASANT HOMES.

A FAITHFUL SKETCH.

BY L. M. CHILD.

'Thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold ;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip, and the footsteps of fear.'

WHEN Frederic Dalcho brought his young bride from New-Orleans to her Georgian home, there were great demonstrations of joy among the slaves of the establishment, — dancing, shouting, clapping of hands, and eager invocations of blessing on the heads of 'massa and missis;' for well they knew that he who manifested most zeal was likely to get the largest coin, or the brightest handkerchief.

The bride had been nurtured in seclusion, almost as deep as that of the oriental harem. She was a pretty little waxen plaything, as fragile and as delicate as the white Petunia blossom. She brought with her two slaves. Mars, a stalwart mulatto, of good figure, but a cunning and disagreeable expression of countenance. Rosa, a young girl, elegantly formed, and beautiful as a dark velvet carnation. The blush, so easily excited, shone through the transparent brown of her smooth cheek, like claret through a bottle in the sunshine. It was a beautiful contrast to see her beside her mistress, like a glittering star in attendance upon the pale and almost vanishing moonsickle. They had grown up from infancy together; for the mother of Rosa was foster-mother of Marion; and soon as the little white lady could speak, she learned to call Rosa *her* slave. As they grew older, the wealthy planter's daughter took pride in her servant's beauty, and

loved to decorate her with jewels. ' You shall wear my golden ornaments whenever you ask for them,' said she ; ' they contrast so well with the soft, brown satin of your neck and arms. I will wear pearls and amethysts ; but gold needs the dark complexion to show its richness. Besides, you are a handsome creature, Rosa, and gold is none too good for you.'

Her coachman, Mars, was of the same opinion : but the little petted coquette tossed her graceful head at him, and paid small heed to his flattering words. Not so with George, the handsome quadroon brother of Frederic Dalcho, and his favorite slave ; but the master and mistress were too much absorbed with their own honey-moon, to observe them. Low talks among the rose-bushes, and stolen meetings by moonlight, passed unnoticed, save by the evil eyes of Mars. Thus it passed on for months. The young slaves had uttered the

marriage vow to each other, in the silent presence of the stars.

It chanced, one day, that Rosa was summoned to the parlor to attend her mistress, while George stood respectfully, hat in hand, waiting for a note, which his master was writing. She wore about her neck a small heart and cross of gold, which her lover had given her the night before. He smiled archly, as he glanced at it, and the answer from her large, dark eyes was full of joyful tenderness. Unfortunately, the master looked up at that moment, and at once comprehended the significance of that beaming expression. He saw that it spoke whole volumes of mutual, happy love; and it kindled in him an unholy fire. He had never before realized that the girl was so very handsome. He watched her, as she pursued her work, until she felt uneasy beneath his look. From time to time, he glanced at his young wife. She, too, was certainly very

lovely; but the rich, mantling beauty of the slave had the charm of novelty. The next day, he gave her a gay dress; and when he met her among the garden shrubbery, he turned her glossy ringlets over his finger, and called her a pretty darling. Poor Rosa hastened away, filled with terror. She wanted to tell her mistress all this, and claim her protection; but she dared not. As for George, he was of a proud and fiery nature, and she dreaded the storm it would raise in his breast. Her sleeping apartment adjoined that of her mistress, and she was now called to bring water to her master at a much later hour than had been usual with him. One night, no answer was given to the summons. Rosa was not in her room. When questioned in the morning, she stammered out an incoherent excuse, and burst into tears. She was ordered, somewhat sternly, to be very careful not to be again absent when called for.

Marion took an early opportunity to plead her favorite's cause. 'I have suspected, for some time,' said she, 'that George and Rosa are courting; and for my part, I should like very well to have them married.' Her husband made no reply, but abruptly left the room. His conduct towards George became singularly capricious and severe. Rosa wept much in secret, and became shy as a startled fawn. Her mistress supposed it was because Mr. Dalcho objected to her marriage, and suspected nothing more. She tried to remonstrate with him, and learn the nature of his objections; but he answered sharply, and left her in tears.

One night, Marion was awakened by the closing of the door, and found that Frederic was absent. She heard voices in Rosa's apartment, and the painful truth flashed upon her. Poor young wife, what a bitter hour was that!

In the morning, Rosa came to dress her, as

usual, but she avoided looking in her face, and kept her eyes fixed on the ground. As she knelt to tie the satin shoe, Marion spoke angrily of her awkwardness, and gave her a blow. It was the first time she had ever struck her ; for they really loved each other. The beautiful slave looked up with an expression of surprise, which was answered by a strange, wild stare. Rosa fell at her feet, and sobbed out, ‘ Oh, mistress, I am not to blame. Indeed, indeed, I am very wretched.’ Marion’s fierce glance melted into tears. ‘ Poor child,’ said she, ‘ I ought not to have struck you ; but, oh, Rosa, I am wretched, too.’ The foster-sisters embraced each other, and wept long and bitterly ; but neither sought any further to learn the other’s secrets.

At breakfast, George was in attendance, but he would not look at Rosa, though she watched for a glance with anxious love. When she found an opportunity to see him alone, he was

sullen, and rejected her proffered kiss. ‘Rosa, where were you last night?’ said he, hastily. The poor girl blushed deeply, and strove to take his hand; but he flung her from him, with so much force that she reeled against the wall. ‘Oh, George,’ said she, with bitter anguish, ‘what *can* I do? I am his *slave*.’ The justice of her plea, and the pathos of her tones, softened his heart. He placed her head on his shoulder, and said more kindly, ‘Keep out of his way, dear Rosa; keep out of his way.’

Rosa made strong efforts to follow this injunction; and dearly did she rue it. George was sent away from the house, to work on the plantation, and they were forbidden to see each other, under penalty of severe punishment. His rival, Mars, watched them, and gave information of every attempt to transgress this cruel edict. But love was more omnipotent than fear of punishment, and the lovers did sometimes catch a stolen interview.

The recurrence of this disobedience exasperated their master beyond endurance. He swore he would overcome her obstinacy, or kill her; and one severe flogging succeeded another, till the tenderly-nurtured slave fainted under the cruel infliction, which was rendered doubly dangerous by the delicate state of her health. Maternal pains came on prematurely, and she died a few hours after.

George wandered into the woods, and avoided the sight of his reckless master, who, on his part, seemed willing to avoid an interview. Four days had passed since Rosa's death, and the bereaved one had scarcely tasted food enough to sustain his wretched life. He stood beside the new-made grave, which he himself had dug. 'Oh, Father in Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'what would I give, if I had not flung her from me! Poor girl, *she* was not to blame.' He leaned his head against a tree, and looked mournfully up to the moon strug-

gling through clouds. Cypressess reared their black forms against the sky, and the moss hung from bough to bough, in thick, funereal festoons. But a few months ago, how beautiful and bright was Nature — and now, how inexpressibly gloomy. The injustice of the past, and the hopelessness of the future, came before him with dreary distinctness. ‘He is my brother,’ thought he, ‘we grew up side by side, children of the same father; but I am his slave. Handsomer, stronger, and more intelligent than he; yet I am his *slave*. And now he will sell me, because the murdered one will forever come up between us.’

He thought of Rosa as he first saw her, so happy, and so beautiful; of all her gushing tenderness; of her agonized farewell, when they last met; of her graceful form bleeding under the lash, and now lying cold and dead beneath his feet.

He looked toward his master’s house. ‘Shall

'I escape now and forever?' said he; 'or shall I first'—— he paused, threw his arms widely upward, gnashed his teeth, and groaned aloud, 'God, pity me! He murdered my poor Rosa.'

On that night, Marion's sleep was disturbed and fitful. The memory of her foster-sister mingled darkly with all her dreams. Was that a shriek she heard? It was fearfully shrill in the night-silence! Half sleeping and half waking, she called wildly, 'Rosa! Rosa!' But a moment after, she remembered that Rosa's light step would never again come at her call. At last a drowsy slave answered the loud summons of her bell. 'I left your master reading in the room below,' said she; 'go and see if he is ill.' The girl came back, pallid and frightened. 'Oh, mistress, he is dead!' she exclaimed; 'there is a dagger through his heart.'

Neighbors were hastily summoned, and the slaves secured. Among them was George,

who, with a fierce and haggard look, still lingered around Rosa's grave.

The dagger found in Frederic Dalcho's heart was the one he had himself been accustomed to wear. He lay upon the sofa, with an open book beside him, as if he had fallen asleep reading. A desk in the room was broken open, and a sum of money gone. Near it, was dropped a ragged handkerchief, known to belong to Mars. Suspicion hovered between him and George. Both denied the deed. Mars tried hard to fix the guilt on his hated rival, and swore to many falsehoods. But as some of these falsehoods were detected, and the stolen money was found hidden in his bed, the balance turned against him. After the brief, stern trial awarded to slaves, with slaveholders for judges and jurors, Mars was condemned to be hung. George thought of his relentless persecutions, and for a moment triumphed over the cunning enemy, who had so

often dogged poor Rosa's steps ; but his soul was too generous to retain this feeling.

The fatal hour came. Planters rode miles to witness the execution, and stood glaring at their trembling victim, with the fierceness of tigers. The slaves from miles around were assembled, to take warning by his awful punishment. The rope was adjusted on the strong bough of a tree. Mars shook like a leaf in the wind. The countenance of George was very pale and haggard, and his breast was heaving with tumultuous thoughts. ' He is my enemy,' said he to himself ; ' 'tis an awful thing to die thus. The *theft* I did not commit ; but if I take all the blame, they can do no more than hang me.'

They led the shivering wretch towards the tree, and were about to fasten the fatal noose. But George rushed forward with a countenance ghastly pale, and exclaimed, ' Mars is innocent. I murdered him — for he killed my wife, and hell was in my bosom.'

No voice praised him for the generous confession. They kicked and cursed him; and hung up, like a dog or a wolf, a man of nobler soul than any of them all.

The Georgian papers thus announced the deed: '*Fiend-like Murder*. Frederic Dalcho, one of our most wealthy and respected citizens, was robbed and murdered last week, by one of his slaves. The black demon was caught and hung; and hanging was too good for him.'

The Northern papers copied this version; merely adding, 'These are the black-hearted monsters, which abolition philanthropy would let loose upon our brethren of the South.'

Not one was found to tell how the slave's young wife had been torn from him by his own brother, and murdered with slow tortures. Not one recorded the heroism that would not purchase life by another's death, though the victim was his enemy. His very *name* was left unmentioned; he was only Mr. Dalcho's *slave*!

S O N N E T .

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES CROPPER, THE DISTINGUISHED PHILANTHROPIST OF ENGLAND.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

CROPPER ! among the wise, the great, the good,
The friends of man, whate'er his caste or
clime,
Thy memory shall be hailed with gratitude,
Thy labors honored to the end of time !
Thine was a soul with sympathy imbued,
Broad as the earth, and as the heavens
sublime ;
Thy godlike object, steadfastly pursued,
To save thy race from misery and crime.
Mourn, England ! for the loss thou hast sustained,

And let the nations of the earth lament,
With spirit broken, and with grief unfeigned —
And to her tears let LIBERTY give vent;
A star of glory has in darkness waned —
No more on earth survives the good man
 eloquent.

STORY OF A FUGITIVE.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

ABOUT the year 1805, a colored man, who was a slave to a Col. Hopper, of Maryland, (he was no relation of mine,) left his master and went to Philadelphia, taking with him his wife and children, who were also slaves. He hired a small house in Green's court, running north from Pine street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. After remaining there some months, his master obtained knowledge of his whereabouts, and followed him. He applied to Richard Hunt, a constable in Philadelphia, who was a notorious slave-hunter; they made application to a magistrate, procured a warrant to arrest the fugitives, and proceeded, in the dusk of the evening, to the house where they

resided. The man had just returned from his daily labor, and was peacefully sitting with his wife and children, not dreaming of a visit from his old master, when the door opened, and in he rushed, accompanied by the officer. An instance of greater presence of mind is rarely met with than was now exhibited. The man immediately rose from his seat, flew to his master, and throwing his arms around him, exclaimed, 'O, my dear master, how glad I am to see you! will you pardon me for leaving you? I *thought* I should like to be free, but I would a thousand times rather be a slave. I would have returned home, but I was afraid you would sell me to the Georgia men. If you will only forgive me, I will go back with you, and never leave you again. I can't get work, and we have been almost starved. I beg your pardon a thousand times.'

The master was highly delighted to find his man so desirous of returning home. He read-

ily promised to pass by his offence, and treat him with kindness. The Colonel was, by this ingenious manœuvre thrown completely off his guard. He informed the constable that he had no further need of his services; but the slave urged him to wait a few minutes. He said he had a little money, for the first time since he had been in Philadelphia, and he wished to get something to drink, for he supposed his old master must be tired. He stepped out, leaving his master and the officer, both of whom were very intemperate men. He soon returned, with a goodly quantity of gin, and they spent the evening inquiring about old friends, and talking on matters that had transpired at home since he had left. In the course of a few hours, the Colonel and his friend, the constable, became insensible to every thing around them. The slave made out to lift the former on a bed that was in the room where they were sitting, and the latter

lay stretched upon the floor. Having disposed of his two friends so *satisfactorily*, he cleared out, and retired with his family to New Jersey, where they were comfortably located before the rising of the sun. When the Colonel and his friend awoke, what was their astonishment to find themselves the only occupants of the house ! They immediately set out in quest of the fugitives ; after a fruitless search of several days, the Colonel called to see me. He complained bitterly of the deception practised, and of the man's ingratitude in leaving him. He descanted, at considerable length, upon the slave's folly in deserting his service, and upon the happy condition he and his family enjoyed while in Maryland. He very civilly asked me to lend him my assistance in finding them ; promising to treat them as kindly as if they were his own children. I observed that if the man was as happy at home as he had represented, I had no doubt that he would soon

return, voluntarily, so that my services would not be needed. I told him that I did not justify falsehood and deception, in any case; but it was no more than might be *expected* of one who was a slave, and had dwelt all his life with slaveholders; that I was wholly unable to discover upon what pretence he predicted the charge of *ingratitude*, for I thought the man owed him nothing. On the contrary, *he* was indebted to the slave, who had already served him more than thirty years. So far from rendering assistance in finding the poor fugitives, I told him if my services were necessary, I would, with all my heart, assist them in keeping out of his grasp. He asked me if I had seen the man. I answered that he called upon me immediately after leaving his house in Green's court, and that I had given him such counsel as appeared proper and necessary. I told him also that he was the first slaveholder of *my name* that I had ever met. I

gravely queried whether he were not an imposter, and had assumed *that* name, as a means of facilitating his wicked project of re-capturing the objects of his avarice. He assured me that he had not; that his real name was Hopper. He remained in the city a week or ten days, when he became a victim to *mania a potu*. I was informed that he was taken home in a strait jacket, and soon after died.

A few months after the Colonel had left the city, his man called to see me. While relating his manner of capture and escape, he laughed till he could hardly stand. 'I knew his weak side,' said he, 'I knew where to touch him.' I asked him if he did not know it was very wrong to tell such falsehoods, and make the men drunk. He replied, 'I suppose it *was*; but liberty is sweet, and none of us know what we would do to secure it till we are tried.' After remaining some months in Jersey, he returned to Philadelphia, where I

knew him several years. He supported his family comfortably, and was never afterwards molested.

New-York, 9th mo. 1842.

IRISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

James Haughton, Richard D. Webb, his two brothers, Richard Allen, and R. R. Moore, constitute the Committee of the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society. The influence which that Committee exerts, not only upon Ireland, but upon the civilized globe, demonstrates what a few men may accomplish, who aim at great things. Every movement made by Great Britain, France, Spain, the United States, or any other government, in relation to negro emancipation, is by them carefully observed and duly considered. At one time, their efforts are directed to France, at another to Cuba. Now the claims of the Amistad captives are presented, in the strongest light, to the British

government, and its aid solicited to protect them from the 'tender mercies' of our slaveholding Republic; and then the victims of the Creole secure their attention. At one time this Argus-eyed Committee discovers the cupidity of the West India planters, in their attempt to decoy into slavery their starving countrymen. Letters or messengers are instantly despatched to every parish, town, or city. The Committee is converted into an editorial corps. Articles, exposing the wickedness and inhumanity of the entire movement, pass from press to press, until the little green isle of the ocean is convulsed with agitation, and the West India packet ships, which were, at first, hailed with joy by the mass of the people, are forced to leave their wharves with the curses of the populace.

Ten o'clock, every Thursday morning, finds them convened around the green table in the Committee room, to devise ways and means,

to mature plans, to promote the cause of emancipation throughout the world. Though a fine is imposed upon every one who is not present within ten minutes of the appointed time, and though they are all business men, with the cares and responsibilities incident to such a life, their punctuality, I was informed, was so great, that the treasury was but little benefited by this arrangement.

Every fourth Wednesday evening, large public anti-slavery meetings are held in the Royal Exchange, at which one of the Committee always presides ; another acts as Secretary, the third reports the speeches as they are delivered, while the remainder are reserved for speech-making. The facts and arguments introduced by the speakers appear in the morning papers, and pass, from press to press, throughout the country.

Though differing in their political and religious sentiments, they have but one heart and

one mind on the great question which calls them together. While each widely differs from the other in style of writing, and manner of speaking, and of address, yet they constitute a perfect whole—a unit. Webb is a walking encyclopedia of facts and statistics. He is the final appeal on all doubtful questions of this class. Haughton is constantly introducing something new for the Committee to adopt, by which the cause may be advanced. Allen, with his versatile talent and great executive powers, accomplishes whatever is required to be done. He will write half a dozen letters, and two columns for the press, while ordinary men would be arranging their thoughts. Though all of them might be ranked as clever speakers, yet Moore, the barrister, is the main dependence at public meetings.

But they are not men of one idea. They are deeply interested in all the great radical reforms of the age. They constitute the Com-

mittee of the Hibernian Peace Society, the Hibernian Temperance Society, and the Hibernian British India Society. Though these four associations are managed by the same individuals, their operations are never blended, but are kept entirely distinct from each other.

In addition to the tracts and circulars they issue almost weekly, and scatter broadcast over Great Britain and Ireland, and the many *et ceteras* which cannot be named in the small space assigned me, two of their number visit the penitentiaries every Monday in the forenoon, and address the prisoners on Temperance and Reform in general. How long could slavery, war, and intemperance, disgrace this nation, had every city in the United States half a dozen spirits like those which constitute the Committee of the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society?

SCENE IN A SLAVE PRISON.

BY S. G. HOWE.

THIS is drawn from a letter by Dr. HOWE, of the Asylum for the Blind, addressed, last winter, in the course of friendly correspondence, to Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, without the most remote idea of its being seen by any other person. It was written when the scene that it describes was fresh in his mind; and Dr. HOWE is entirely willing that it should be published, as the testimony of an eye-witness against slavery.

I HAVE passed ten days in New Orleans — not unprofitably, I trust — in examining the public institutions, the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, &c. With the exception of the first, there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system, but I do know that in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom upon the city.

A man suspected of a crime, and awaiting his trial, is thrust into a pandemonium filled with convicts and, outlaws, where herding and sleeping in common with hardened wretches, he breathes an atmosphere whose least evil is its physical impurity; and which is loaded with blasphemies, obscenities, and the sound of hellish orgies, intermingled with the clanking of the chains of the more furious demons, who are not caged, but who crawl about in the crowd with fettered legs and hands.

If Howard or Mrs. Fry ever discovered so ill-administered a den of thieves as the New Orleans, prison they never described it. In the negroes' apartment I saw much which made me blush that I was a white man, and which for a moment stirred up an evil spirit in my animal nature. Entering a large paved courtyard, around which ran galleries, filled with slaves of all ages, sexes and colors, I heard the snap of a whip, every stroke of which

sounded like the sharp crack of a pistol. I turned my head, and beheld a sight which absolutely chilled me to the marrow of my bones, and gave me, for the first time in my life, the sensation of my hair stiffening at the roots. There lay a black girl, flat upon her face on a board, her two thumbs tied and fastened to one end, her feet tied and drawn tightly to the other end, while a strap passed over the small of her back, and fastened around the board, confined her closely to it. Below the strap she was entirely naked : by her side, and six feet off, stood a huge negro, with a long whip, which he applied with dreadful power and wonderful precision. Every stroke brought away a strip of skin, which clung to the lash, or fell quivering on the pavement, while the blood followed after it. The poor creature writhed and shrieked, and in a voice which showed alike her fear of death and her dreadful agony, screamed to her master, who

stood at her head: 'Oh! spare my life — Don't cut my soul out!' But still fell the horrid lash; still, strip after strip peeled off from the skin; gash after gash was cut in her living flesh, until it became a livid and bloody mass of raw and quivering muscle.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from springing upon the torturer, and arresting his lash; but alas! what could I do, but turn aside to hide my tears for the sufferer, and my blushes for humanity?

This was in a public and regularly organized prison; the punishment was one recognized and authorized by the law. But think you the poor wretch had committed a heinous offence, and been convicted thereof, and sentenced to the lash? Not at all! She was brought by her master to be whipped by the common executioner, without trial, judge, or jury, just at his beck and nod, for some real or supposed offence, or to gratify his own whim

or malice. And he may bring her day after day, without cause assigned, and inflict any number of lashes he pleases, short of twenty-five, provided only he pays the fee. Or, if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board on his own premises, and brutalize himself there.

A shocking part of this horrid punishment was its publicity: as I have said, it was in a courtyard, surrounded by galleries, which were filled with colored persons of all sexes; runaway slaves, slaves committed for some crime, or slaves up for sale. You would naturally suppose they crowded forward, and gazed horror stricken at the brutal spectacle below. But they did not; many of them hardly noticed it, and many were entirely indifferent to it. They went on in their childish pursuits, and some were laughing outright in the distant parts of the galleries! So low can man, created in God's image, be sunk in brutality!

So much is he the creature of circumstance, that by a degrading and brutalizing system of slavery, every distinguishing trait of humanity may be effaced, and he be made happy as the stalled ox ; while a Christian and civilized people can be found, who, from the mere love of lucre, will fasten their system upon him, and urge in their defence that he is as happy as a brute, and is incapable of any higher enjoyment !

SLAVERY AND THE PULPIT.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

BY JOHN PARKMAN.

It is sometimes said, that to introduce the subject of slavery into the pulpit, is to introduce an extraneous topic; that it does not belong to ministerial duty to do so; that the pulpit is not the place for discussions of this kind. Let me offer a few considerations, bearing upon this point; not now to call in question the motives which have dictated the course of other ministers in this connexion, but to state my own views of ministerial duty.

Why, then, is the subject of American Slavery, a legitimate topic for the Sabbath and the church?

Because, in the first place, it is a system of injustice and wrong, directly opposed to the whole spirit of that Gospel which it is the office of the minister to preach. This will hardly be questioned, probably, at the present day, except by those whose practice is in accordance with their theory, 'that slavery is a divine institution.'

But why (it may be asked) preach this doctrine here? What have we, as a congregation, to do with slavery?

I might answer these questions by reminding you of the security which the Southern slaveholder derives from the engagements made by the North to give back fugitive slaves, and to help the master, if the slave should ever rise, as did our fathers, to claim his sacred inalienable rights; and I might ask, if the question, Shall we obey human law when it conflicts with God's law? is not one of some importance to those who meet on the Sabbath

to worship the God of Justice, the Lord of the oppressed. I might ask, if that Gospel, which we are to preach, does not as much forbid us to aid and assist others to commit foul wrong, as to perpetrate it ourselves. I might speak to you as those, who, while you worship, may remember also that you are citizens. I might, (using no greater latitude of interpretation of the direction to preach the gospel, than do others in other connexions,) remind you, as those who deprecate, as Christians, the horrors of war, of the danger of collisions with other nations, who, like Great Britain, will not recognize as lawful the American, more than the African slave trade. I might remind you, as those who are friends of civilization, of progress, of republican institutions, how the peculiar spirit which 'the peculiar institution' cherishes, and which ever and anon flashes forth in the halls of our national legislature, and gives its coloring to all our national policy, threatens

all we value as lovers of order and of good government. I might dwell on these and other points, in order to answer the question — What have Christian congregations to do with slavery? But I trust that the time has gone by when it is necessary to prove this point, by reference to facts with which every one has abundant opportunities of acquainting himself.

The subject of American Slavery is a fitting topic for the pulpit, because, like all other great moral evils, it must be destroyed by public opinion. The laws themselves, by which the Southerner holds men as property, and those which compel us to be participants in his injustice, are but the creatures of public sentiment. Now is it not a part of the office of the minister to use his influence to enlighten public sentiment, whenever it sanctions aught in custom or institution, opposed to the teachings of the Gospel? What better argument can be brought against the ministry than this; that

for all the attendance upon preaching — that notwithstanding so many of our preachers are able, gifted, and earnest — that still, all this does nothing even to civilize the public mind : and that, if public evils are removed, it must be from agency utterly independent of their influence. Who would remain in the ministry, if he believed this were true ? It is not claiming too much to say, that ministers, as a body, do exert an influence upon a vast number of individuals in this country, incomparably greater than that wielded by any other class of men. If it is their duty to exert their influence upon public opinion against other great moral evils, why not against this ? It may be affirmed that the Southern slaveholder is not affected by the public religious sentiment of the North. But what say those who are most acquainted with the state of feeling at the South ? ‘ We believe,’ says Gen. Duff Green, (after deprecating the idea that abolitionists endeavor to incite

the slaves to rebellion,) 'we believe,' he goes on to say, 'we have most to fear from the *organized action upon the consciences and fears of the slaveholders themselves*. It is only by alarming the *consciences* of the weak and feeble, and diffusing among our own people a *morbid sensibility* upon the subject of slavery, that the abolitionists can accomplish their object.' Hear also F. C. Pickens, (M. C. from South Carolina.) 'Are we to wait,' he asks, 'till our enemies have built up, by the grossest misrepresentation, a body of *public sentiment, which it would be impossible to resist without separating ourselves from the social system of the civilized world?*' Let us not libel the character of our Southern brethren; let us not bring against them a weightier accusation than have the most violent among abolitionists, viz. that the slaveholder has no conscience — that he has no regard for the moral sentiment of his age and race.

But it may be argued, that one may preach against Slavery without doing so in so many words; that to preach the general principles of Christianity is to strike at the root of this as well as of all other forms of oppression. This is true, if all who hear make the intended *application* of those principles.

It is true, also, that it does little good to preach upon specific duties to those who have not first felt the power of religion in their hearts. But what does all experience, as well as history, teach more clearly than this truth, that much religious feeling, and undoubted sincerity, may co-exist with utter blindness in regard to the claims of particular duties? The general principles of Christianity *are preached at the South*. It is said, that the surest way to overturn Slavery, so far as preaching can effect its fall, is to inculcate the great duties of love and justice to be performed towards all as brethren. Does the slave-holding minister

preach to his slave-holding church and congregation a different doctrine? Nay—the strain of preaching at the South is said to be peculiarly fervent and evangelical. Its effect, it would seem, upon the institution of slavery, is like that produced by the universal reception of the general principles comprehended in the Declaration of Independence. Few feel as if, in either case, there was any application made to the rights of the black portion of the population. So Christian congregations at the North will assent readily to the abstract proposition expressed in general terms, that ‘we ought to be just and to pay to all their dues.’ And yet this will not prevent those who are considered the most devoted Christians, from doing all that they can—all that the Slave-holder asks at their hands indeed, (for he does not ask us in order to manifest our feelings towards Slavery, to buy and sell human beings; he only asks us to protect him while he does so,) in

order to support a system whose very foundations are fraud and robbery in their grossest forms.

Who are those, of whom there are so many at the South — slaveholders born and bred in New England — and who, if we may believe testimony, are generally among the most cruel of masters and mistresses? Who are those who have written the most unqualified apologies for Slavery? Who are those who have basely bartered away the rights of Northern constituents in return for Southern votes, the slave's chain riveted the stronger by the bargain? Who have been most conspicuous in the mobs, whose objects were to put down free discussion? Who are those who cannot even ride in the same rail-road car with a Negro? Who are those who are now forming opinions which will make them ready volunteers, when any future service is to be rendered which may consolidate and strengthen Slavery?

They have been, or are, members of Christian congregations at the North — members in very many instances of Northern churches — professed Christians, who have learned from Northern pulpits the ‘general principles of Christianity;’ members of churches, in many instances, whose great distinctive tenets are freedom and respect for human nature.

The grounds on which we sometimes hear the refusal to preach upon this ‘exciting subject’ based, even from those for whom we have great respect, may be illustrated, perhaps, more fully by the following supposition.

Suppose that in the accounts, which so frequently come to us, of the sufferings of the poor in Great Britain, we were to read that, almost universally, the Christians of the country were utterly unable to see ‘that they had any thing to do with the matter,’ and that Government — its means crippled by a large national debt, and its policy determined by a

political party not understood to have much sympathy towards this class—had expressed its perfect inability to interfere, and that the high functionaries of the State had given out that relief could only be had through the efforts which individuals might make to awaken the country to a sense of its position and duty, and that more particularly much was to be expected from the influence which the ministry would exert. What if we should read that the ministers of all denominations, with only here and there an exception, had refused to act on this suggestion, on the ground that ‘their office was exclusively to preach the Gospel,’ and that ‘as Christ said nothing about duties to poor Irishmen and starving weavers, they did not mean to be wiser than Christ’—that besides, ‘independent of strong prejudices felt in some quarters, the causes of the sufferings of these people were, if not exaggerated, at any rate connected with questions of a political

bearing' — and 'they had no idea of being political partisans;' 'that they were as much against people's being treated with injustice as any body, but that they were determined not to be identified with the Chartists, or any other similar organization;' 'that it was an exciting subject, and that it was their duty, as disciples of the Prince of peace, to study the things that make for peace, satisfied if they were only able to make men Christians, all would be set right;' 'that they truly hoped the day might soon come — but, in the mean time, that they could not leave more important duties to mingle in all the exciting questions of the day, their duty being to avoid all extraneous topics, and to preach the general principles of the Gospel.' How easily — (though perhaps we might know many of these, whom on many accounts we venerated and loved, who in many Christian graces and virtues, as in talents and attainments, were vastly our superiors,) —

how readily should we see the inconsistencies in all this reasoning. It is not strange that many should detect similar inconsistency, in substantially the same language, used in reference to the great sin of this country. Could the preached word open the hand of wealth to relieve every where with pecuniary aid the indigence which cries for bread, it would not do more to take away the reproach which rests upon our mother country, than the same word would do here in blotting out the stain of American Slavery, if it would but distinctly aim to produce a healthy state of public moral sentiment upon this point.

Is it strange that many, remembering how often, in all time, humble and obscure men and women have been right upon moral questions when the wise and prudent (because oftentimes *too* prudent,) have been wrong;— is it strange that many should assert with the boldness of firm, deep-rooted conviction, that

the same is true now? Is it strange that some say more than this, and that, too, in stern tone and spirit, which meet but faint response from those to whose hearts the ministry and the church, with all these imperfections, are still precious and dear? Yet even these, at times, lose faith and hope, well-nigh, when they think of the three millions, impatient, weary and sick at heart, waiting for the application of 'those great principles,' before which all Slavery must fall; when they ask themselves what will become of the slave and of the master, if the religion which is preached from our pulpits does as little for the next twenty years, for the rights of the slave, as it has in the years that are past.

A S K E T C H .

BY RICHARD ALLEN.

It was night—a night of blackness and darkness—but a darkness more deep and appalling than the midnight gloom reigned o'er many a heart. A despair more intense, more hopeless, had taken possession of many a soul, than had ever seized the heart of a way-worn traveller when overtaken by the raging of the angry elements, or surrounded in the forest by the glaring eyes of its savage inmates.

And yet there was silence, or, at least, little outward manifestation of grief. Now and then you heard a stifled sob, or a groan—the irrepressible outbreak of some despairing heart. You knew, too, that there were dark forms flitting here and there, exchanging no sign, yet

still as if there was some common bond amongst them,—as if there was one spot on which there was to be a united gathering.

Into the huts of the slaves of the South, dark despair had entered. Many a mother looked on her child in hopeless wo. There was no longer any bright gleam in the distant vista. Slavery — interminable, hopeless slavery — seemed now to be the only birth-right of old and young. The yearning mother ceased to hope that her child might yet tread the soil of freedom.

But why all this gloom, this darkness, this ‘treading of the wine-press?’ Because despair had well-nigh usurped the place of hope? No; it had altogether done so in the Negro’s heart. He knew nothing of hereafter — he saw in this world, black, intense, interminable bondage. His last hope was gone. THE NORTH STAR NO LONGER POINTED TO A LAND OF FREEDOM.

The dreadful truth was out: *there was no*

longer a home for the fugitive slave. Their companion, their friend, he who had been their master-spirit, who had fled from bondage because he could endure it no longer, and who had promised, when he reached a land of freedom, to strain every nerve to open a way of escape for his fellow-sufferers, was again amongst them, a captive, in manacles and chains. How could this be? He had, despite of post-office vigilance, and the inquisitorial power of a slave-holding government, contrived to convey to his fellows news of his safety, of his reaching Victoria's soil. And yet, here he was, back again, a trembling captive in the hands of his enraged master, to be made a spectacle of on the morrow, of punishment, such as slaveholders only can inflict, and then to be carried out as a warning elsewhere. By what foul means he was again in bondage, was, as yet, involved in darkness. It was said he

had been given up by British authority; but how could this be credited?

Midnight witnessed a mass of dark and athletic forms, in a distant part of one of the estates. There were amongst them figures of Herculean mould, whose lofty bearing and determined demeanor told they were not born to die slaves. The conference was brief. There was no room for doubt; the fact that their companion had been treacherously given up by the British authorities, appeared too plain to be doubted; its full confirmation was left to be disclosed on the morrow. The assembly separated; but before that separation took place, there were words spoken and threats uttered, which would have made many a soul-driver quake for fear, and warn him how nearly his doom was sealed.

The morrow dawned on many a sleepless eye. The early signal to labor was not heard. The slaves were to have a few hours of cessa-

tion from toil — a half holyday. But for what? To witness the mangling, the lacerating of their beloved companion, he who had been their leading star, to hear his cries and groans, or, more likely, his sullen silence in his agony. Soon the summons came. The *slaves* from all the neighboring properties were assembled. At a signal the *culprit* was brought forth, heavily manacled. Suffering had evidently done its work. His tall form was bowed; the broken spirit of a man was his. All hope for him was gone; he only thought of saving his brethren from such a fate. He told his tale — how he had escaped the bloodhounds, and the still more ferocious beings, who, with the rifle, sought to mar the settled purpose of his soul. He told of his toils, his wanderings, his hair-breadth escapes, of all he had suffered, of his final arrival on the soil of freedom; of how, when he had arrived there, there were, after some time, daily rumors of his master having come to claim

him, and of his not having been spurned with that ignominy which became the representative of a free nation; that some of his brethren whom he found there breathing the air of freedom had warned him to flee, but that he scouted the idea. He could not for a moment suppose that danger awaited him. Reposing in confidence, however, his feelings of safety were quickly flung to the wind. The hospitable roof under which he was, was surrounded one night by a set of man-stealers; (yes, *British* man-stealers, for the men who dared to be accessory to his seizure deserve no other name;) he was carried back, despite his resistance, and was now before them, a captive, bleeding slave.

Oh! there were indications clear as if they were written in letters of fire on the countenances of the bystanders — of savage delight on those of the slaveholders — of dark despair, of sullen determination, of scarcely repressed outbreak on the countenances of many a slave.

Meanwhile the whip fell heavily. Its sharp crack was re-echoed in the neighboring wood ; but the sufferer spoke not — groaned not. There he stood, under the lacerating lash, until it was evident he had at last literally ceased to feel. There was no use in proceeding further. His tormentors *wanted him to feel*. The crowd were dismissed to labor, the sufferer was carried senseless to the hospital — but such an hospital !

The poor victim recovered — was healed ; but it was only to suffer anew. After a similar exhibition, by way of warning to the immediate neighbors, he was carried about, a broken-spirited man, — first made to tell how Victoria's land was no longer the soil of freedom — how the North Star was now their most treacherous foe — and then the lash did its office. This was repeated till human nature could endure no longer. He woke from a fainting fit no more. His spirit flew into the presence of his

God, there to meet his tormentor on the day of judgment ! there to stand face to face, as beings created equal in the Divine sight !

So ends my tale. Let the reader draw his moral, as to whether this is the way to perpetuate slavery. Let Britain, too, be treated as she deserves. Let the finger, burning with indignation, be pointed at her, for she has fallen from her high position. Shame, shame upon her !

Dublin, November, 1842.

HARRINGTON'S DECISION.

BY SAMUEL E. SEWALL.

THE opinion of Judge HARRINGTON, in the case of a person claimed as a fugitive slave, is probably familiar to most abolitionists. I have lately inquired into the particulars of this transaction, of the Hon. DORASTUS WOOSTER, of Middlebury, Vermont. He replies thus :

‘ The transaction to which you allude is somewhat an ancient one. The case occurred before my time. But I have the history of it from the lips of an eye-witness, who was present at the time ; the Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, formerly a Senator from this State in Congress. There was a person of color in Middlebury, who was claimed as a slave by his master, from the State of New-York. He

was brought before two justices of the peace, and they decided to surrender him. LOYAL CASE, Esq., counsel for the slave, brought him up, on a *habeas corpus*, to the Supreme Court, then in session, for his liberation. The master brought forward documentary and other evidence to show his title to the slave. Judge HARRINGTON, who was then on the bench, gave the opinion of the Court. He said that the evidence of title was good, as far as it went, but the chain had some of its links broken. The evidence did not go far enough. If the master could show a bill of sale, or grant, from the Almighty, then his title to him would be complete: otherwise it would not. And as he had not shewn such evidence, the Court refused to surrender him, and discharged him. This is the opinion of the Court, as delivered by Judge HARRINGTON, as well as can be recollected after such a lapse of time. The transaction took place about the year 1807.

Judge HARRINGTON is now dead. He possessed a powerful mind, not fond of technicalities : had a strong sense of justice, and was a great friend to liberty.'

Several circumstances in this case merit attention :—

1. The decision was made only about seventeen years after the Constitution of the United States went into operation.

2. It was the solemn and deliberate decision of the Supreme Court of Vermont ; not the opinion of Judge HARRINGTON alone. As such, it becomes of great weight as a legal authority, and should be cited whenever a person, claimed as a fugitive slave, is brought before any Court.

3. The decision is placed on a true and immovable foundation — the supremacy of God's law over all human constitutions and laws. On no other ground can we resist effectually the claims of our Southern neighbors. The

history of the formation of the Constitution, and a continued practice under it for more than half a century, can, in a legal point of view, leave no question as to the construction of this obnoxious clause.

But, when we assert that the clause itself is null and void, as a violation of the higher law printed by the finger of God on the heart of man, — that our own consciences repeal and annul it, — we assume an impregnable position, which seems the more secure the more we examine it — which is supported by the wise and good of all ages — the sages and martyrs of antiquity, and the moralists and jurists of modern times.

All writers on moral and international law, declare that a promise to commit a crime, even if sanctioned by the most solemn oath, is not binding; — that the sin is not in breaking, but in making such a promise.

I think it needless to argue the question

whether slavery be wrong. I assume that man can have no property in man. A slave, then, who escapes from his master, only frees himself from unjust restraint, and vindicates his natural right to liberty. To give the man up to his master, is to commit the same crime as originally to reduce him to slavery—a crime, compared with which, common theft and robbery, and all other mere invasions on property, seem petty trespasses.

To surrender a fugitive slave, then, being so atrocious a crime, is its character changed by its being commanded by the Constitution? Had the Constitution required, in express terms, every man who had four children, to drown the fifth, as soon as born, to prevent over population, and enforced the obligation by denouncing capital punishment on those who neglected to perform the required act; who, having human feeling, would not say that such a provision could impose no obligation—that

the father who should drown his child would be, in the eye of Heaven, a murderer — and that the Judge, who sentenced a father to death for neglecting to perform such an act, and the sheriff who executed the sentence, would in vain attempt to shelter their consciences under the plea that they were obeying the Constitution ?

While public sentiment is not so far advanced as to see that what the Constitution requires is sinful, a public functionary may be in danger of losing his office, by acting in opposition to the popular will. But, still, his duty is clear. When, however, public sentiment becomes enlightened, and the wrong required by the Constitution is understood, he who acts on the assumption that such a provision is void, will be sustained and supported by the people. To this state of things we are now fast approaching.



